

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—No. 340.—23 NOVEMBER, 1850.

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *A Second Visit to the United States of America.*
By Sir CHARLES LYELL. 2d edit.
2. *The Western World, or Travels in the United States in 1846-7; exhibiting them in their latest development—social, political, and industrial—including a chapter on California.* By ALEXANDER MACKAY, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. 3 vols. 1849.
3. *Reed and Matheson's Visit to the American Churches.* 2 vols. 1835.
4. *Tenth Annual Report of the Massachusetts System of Common Schools.* Boston: 1849.
5. *Speech of the Hon. Daniel Webster upon the Subject of Slavery, delivered in the Senate of the United States, March 7. 1850.*

If books are now like the sea sand, good and true books are but as the rarer shells; and voyages and travels, having passed on beyond the interest of mere discovery, are to be estimated by those deeper qualities which make civilized nations *truly* acquainted with each other.

To this end, judgment and candor are more than all the arts of composition, and true candor is perhaps even more than judgment. Sir Charles Lyell's books upon the inexhaustible field of America are distinguished by both these qualities, but more especially by the last, and are worthy therefore to be studied for real increase of knowledge.* They comprise observations upon everything in that theatre of great experiments which would naturally attract the attention of a liberal and cultivated Englishman, possessing those advantages of access and intercourse which were at the command of a man not only eminent in science, but conversant with the best society of Europe, a gentleman by station, and a gentleman by nature. He has visited the United States twice, (which it would not be so pleasant for many *writers* upon them to do,) and had the advantage, therefore, of revising his first impressions, and also of noting many signs of progress made during his absence, which indicate how fast the social tree will grow in virgin soil. Mr. Lyell crossed the Atlantic first in pursuit of his geological vocation; and we can imagine the interest of the New World to him in its mere physical features—for a geologist looks at a continent as an anatomist looks at an animal—he sees with his mind's eye the internal organization, and the fire and the water in digestive action, and the peristaltic earthquakes, and thinks he knows what the monster was like in its infancy and youth, and what it will be like in its old age—he sees the valleys rising from the sea, and the mountains rising from the plain—he sees nature laying in her coal measures, and commonwealths

coming down in the mud of primeval rivers—¹³ looks backward to the Saurian aborigines, and onward perhaps to undefinable developments of the type of man. A geologist thus full of the great generalizations of his proper science will hardly confine himself within the sensible horizon when he comes to the historical period. The kingdoms, constitutions, creeds, and rituals of men, he will be apt to regard as less permanent than Niagara—which is itself no immortal cascade. Yet, these he investigates as phenomena, with the fidelity of a naturalist, and applies the inductive method to thoughts no less than to things. There can be no doubt of the light, as well as the impulse, which physics have lent to metaphysics, and nature to divinity, since Pascal declared for Galileo and Newton became a saint in the English calendar, and since the Protestant schools and churches have given so many professors to geology.

The sun at the centre, and the earth among the stars, and that star of ours in unceasing mutation and development, are suggestive of thoughts which are themselves but developments—which must revolve with man, who must revolve with his world, which is invisible from the Great Bear. Geology includes the whole visible creation, and is neutral ground on which all students meet, and all philosophies must adjust themselves to Nature's dimensions—and historians and politicians learn to recognize other occult agencies and dynamic forces, besides the climate of Montesquieu, underlying the institutions and controlling the schemes of men! It is, at any rate, unquestionable that political speculations are now largely turned from the dramatic, dynastic, and personal interests of history, to the life of nations, the destinies of races, and the ultimate prospects of mankind—our fathers' generation and our own have been marked by changes so vast and rapid as to strike the least imaginative minds with an anxious sense of temporal instability, and to fill the most imaginative with solemn instincts of an undeveloped providence, and dim visions of a future which no theorems of the schools and the churches will contain. So much for the aptitudes, in our estimate, of a geological professor to report upon the social stratification of the great North American republics.

The book, in point of arrangement, like Sir C. Lyell's account of his former visit, is of the nature of a diary, taking up subjects as they arose by the way, or were suggested in conversation. But as his first visit was chiefly scientific, his second is chiefly popular, the mixture of geology and natural history giving the same variety of interest to the reader which it must have given to the daily progress of the traveller. "It is an

* We can very honestly say the same for both Mr. Mackay, and Messrs. Reed and Matheson.

agreeable novelty," he says, "to the naturalist to combine the speed of a railway, and the luxury of good inns, with the sight of the native forest; the advantages of civilization, with the beauty of unclaimed nature; no hedges, few ploughed fields, the wild plants, trees, birds, and animals undisturbed."

Landing at Boston, he begins with the New England States, where lies the interest that most comes home to us. The foresight of Bacon could not have predicted what would come of those Pilgrim Fathers within two hundred years. But observers of far inferior penetration, on looking back, may discern and trace downwards a natural expansion from that vigorous root. There was cast at once into fresh earth the seed of civil liberty, and the seed of independent belief, both included in that indomitable Protestantism which fled from the bondage of Europe to worship God in the wilderness. The Mayflower carried over to new shores the germ of a great nation, wherein, physically, there was nothing strange to experience; but she carried over also a spiritual venture of vaster capabilities under less visible promise—universal toleration latent in the most inhuman of schoolborn theologies—universal religion in a husk of Calvinism! No rational observer of the United States will now overlook *that* grain of mustard-seed in studying the moral phenomena of the Anglo-American nations.

Anglo-Saxon America is the land of progress, whatever the end of it is to be; and in that respect, and not for any results yet attained, is so deserving of our attention. The vigor of population corresponds there to the scale of nature. All the wants of civilized men are developed, and all the means of satisfying them are within reach; the war against the wilderness keeps all energies alive, feeding them with victory and hope; and all the experience of the Old World comes in aid to guide, to encourage, and to warn. If freedom be doomed to end in rebellion against God and anarchy among men, America will unteach the world an error of two thousand years. If, on the contrary, self-government be the secret of society, or the right way towards it, America is the land of promise, and the object of highest hope as well as of liberal curiosity.

But, without presuming to decide this momentous question, or to assume it, let us hear Sir Charles Lyell's evidence. He is very curious about all religious manifestations, as every wise man must be, who knows how much may be inferred from them as to popular intelligence, and the state of education, and the moral heart of a community. The faiths of the multitude must be studied by those who would know their own times, and the thoughts of the wise by those who would foresee the coming time. The convictions of the many are the laws of the living world—the negations of the few mark the spiritual path which the next generations will follow; for the fear of God in the hearts of the wise tends ever to enlarge itself, to reject school definitions, and

to purge the popular creed. To the ancient *rites* every part of nature was a separate God; to the modern poet universal nature is but a part of God. Consider the decline of faith, yet the progress of truth, in the church, the schools, and the world, from Tertullian to Bishop Butler, from Ptolemy to Sir J. Herschel, from St. Louis to the King of Prussia! Now sectarianism is the beginning of the end of a blind reverence for human authority; and as Old England is the land of sects, compared with Europe, so New England is the land of sects compared with Old England, and the sects of America, like her factions, have the salient energy of youth. It requires a true philosopher to report of them fairly; and the habits of a natural philosopher to investigate them calmly and piously—as he would the interesting peculiarities of animals. Behold, these are some of God's creatures, and these are some of their ways.

New England is in truth a museum of sectarian curiosities; no maternal church keeps down fanaticism, and no court manners suppress or chasten the free expression of it by word and by deed. Here, if anywhere, we must be careful to learn what such a state of things naturally comes to—whether to internecine war, or to mutual forbearance and gradual comprehension. It is a most practical question for all Christendom. At Portland, in Maine, Sir C. Lyell found a "happy family" of sects—all, except the Roman Catholics and Episcopalians, of Puritan derivation—but all without exception reconciled to live and eat together in the same cage. The late governor had been a Unitarian, the present governor was a Roman Catholic! Now, according to the theory of *exclusive truth*, and a state conscience, either these sectaries cannot be sincere in their differences, or they have no sense of the awful gulf that lies between the church and the world;—and, in either case, that state has no conscience. Yet, judging the tree by its fruit, here is an impartial observer, who finds himself bound to report well of it, and to prefer a friendly diversity to an intolerant uniformity. Sir C. Lyell enumerates eight sects in this town of Portland; and the American Almanac for 1849, gives twenty-eight in all for the United States, with an estimate of their respective numbers. Statistics, however, are a rude, and must be a most vague, measure of spiritual quantities; but take the Roman Catholic Church on the one hand, which strives to be the same in all lands, and multitudinous Protestantism on the other; and among the popular heresiarchs of the Union in our generation, let Dr. Channing stand at the top and Mormon Smith at the bottom;—and then let us consider the gradations of faith and polity that must lie between them. If amity be an *accomplished fact* in such a conflux of opposites, the spirit of peace must be strong, after all, in the world, and the problem of "happy families" no longer desperate. The variety of sects is in truth not a subject either for satire or for tears, unless

we could say how religion could otherwise adapt itself to the unequal growth of intellect in society. The polity of the Roman Church was perfect in itself, and for its own purposes. It grasped the whole body of the state, and left no grade or member of it uncared for. But when heresy broke into the fold, and conviction, instead of submission, was made the basis of the new church, and every man had to choose his creed, or at least the keeper of his conscience, uniformity became impossible, and sects inevitable. Then arose the proverb, *ubi una, ibi nulla!* And if a civilized commonwealth is ever again to be one fold, under one Shepherd, it must be by getting through the sectarian stage, as the individual mind can best do, and resolving moral as well as material phenomena into general laws and a universal providence.

To this end, the first step is not that sects should cease to be—far from it—but that they should agree to be. And this is what we rejoice to learn has been brought to pass in New England, as exemplified in the above-mentioned instance in the State of Maine. The same phenomenon is repeated and recurred to in many places; and, instead of exaggerations and contrasts, Sir C. Lyell endeavors to give us things in their natural colors and proportions, the result of which is, a more intelligible picture of religion in America, than we usually meet with. Revivals, and camp meetings, and fanatical excesses are reported too, but not in a satirical style or spirit, nor with undue inferences drawn from them as to national character. Such fanaticism is the religion of an uninstructed but awakening vulgar. It is religion, however, having reference to conscience and the moral condition of man. A fixed superstition belongs to a wholly ignorant and stationary people. The free enthusiasm of a democracy is error in agitation and transition, and we may hope will correct itself on the way.

Revivals are made up of all the arts of excitement, and some of the arts of fraud, which mingle strangely together in spiritual zealotry. Sir C. Lyell quotes from a New York paper the following advertisement:—"A protracted meeting is now in progress at the church in — street: there have been a number of conversions, and it is hoped the work of grace has but just commenced. Preaching every evening. Seats free." At a revival in Bethlehem, attended by sixteen ministers, Methodists, Baptists, and one Orthodox, "there were prayers and preaching incessantly from morning to night, for twenty-one days." Sir C. Lyell was assured by a Boston friend, that, when he once attended a revival sermon, "he heard the preacher describe the symptoms which they might expect to experience on the first, second, and third day previous to their conversion, just as a medical lecturer might expatiate to his pupils on the progress of a well known disease; and the complaint, he added, is indeed a serious one, and very contagious when the feelings have obtained an entire control over the judgment,

and the new convert is in the power of the preacher; he himself is often worked up to such a pitch of enthusiasm as to have lost all command over his own heated imagination." But such a preacher belongs to a well-known genus in church history. The most memorable of them was perhaps Peter the Hermit. Religious madness is also a form of mania well known in lunatic asylums and out of them. "It is admitted, however, and deplored by the advocates of revivals, that, after the application of such violent stimulants, there is invariably a reaction, and what they call a flat or dead season; and it is creditable to the New England clergy of all sects that they have in general, of late years, almost discontinued such meetings."

Then we have an account of the Millerites, followers of one Miller, who had appointed the 23d of October, 1844, for the final destruction of the world, and who found such faith on earth that, in the autumn of that year, many of his neighbors would neither reap their harvest nor let others reap it, lest they should tempt Providence in that awful hour; and after the 23d of October, though they saved what they could, or had it saved for them by the parochial authorities, yet the failure of the prediction was resolved into miscalculation merely, and the sect continued to flourish and believe, and Boston shops advertised ascension robes for going up to heaven; and an English bookseller at New York assured Sir C. Lyell "that there was a brisk demand for such articles even as far south as Philadelphia, and that he knew two individuals in New York who sat up all night in their shrouds on the 22d of October!" Several houses were pointed out to us between Plymouth and Boston, the owners of which had been reduced to poverty by their credulity, having sold their all towards building the tabernacle in which they were to pray incessantly for six weeks previous to their ascension. In this tabernacle—which was afterwards sold and converted into a theatre—the author saw Macbeth; and was told by some of his party "that they were reminded of the extraordinary sight they had witnessed in that room on the 23d October of the previous year, when the walls were all covered with Hebrew and Greek texts, and when a crowd of devotees were praying in their ascension robes, in hourly expectation of the consummation of all things."

Now fanatical excesses like these have been worked up with much effect by satirical and declamatory writers, as evidence against the general intelligence of American society; but when Sir Charles Lyell alleged the numerous followers of Miller and Smith to a New England friend, as "not arguing much in favor of the working of their plan of national education," he received, we think, a very sensible reply, which, without vindicating the younger world, laid upon the elder its due share of the reproach.

As to the Mormons, you must bear in mind that they were largely recruited from the manufacturing districts of England and Wales, and from European

emigrants recently arrived. They were drawn chiefly from the illiterate class in the Western States, where society is in its rudest condition. The progress of the Millerites however, though confined to a fraction of the population, reflects undoubtedly much discredit on the educational and religious training in New England; but since the year 1000, when all Christendom believed that the world was come to an end, there have never been wanting interpreters of prophecy who have confidently assigned some exact date, and one near at hand, for the millennium. Your Faber on the Prophecies, and the writings of Croly, and even some articles in the Quarterly Review, helped for a time to keep up this spirit here, and make it fashionable. But the Millerite movement, like the exhibition of the Holy Coat at Treves, has done much to open men's minds; and the exertions made of late to check this fanatical movement have advanced the cause of truth.

The same friend then went on to describe to me a sermon preached in one of the north-eastern townships of Massachusetts, which he named, against the Millerite opinions, by the minister of the parish, who explained the doubts generally entertained by the learned in regard to some of the dates of the prophecies of Daniel, entered freely into modern controversies about the verbal inspiration of the Old and New Testament, and referred to several works both of German, British and New England authors, which his congregation had never heard of till then. *Not a few of them complained that they had been so long kept in the dark; that their minister must have entertained many of these opinions long before, and that he had now revealed them in order to stem the current of a popular delusion, and for expediency rather than the love of truth.* "Never," said they, "can we in future put the same confidence in him again."

Other apologists observed to me, that so long as part of the population was very ignorant, even the well educated would occasionally participate in fanatical movements; for religious enthusiasm, being very contagious, resembles a famine fever, which first attacks those who are starving, but afterwards infects some of the healthiest and best fed individuals in the whole community.

This last observation and similitude, which Sir Charles Lyell thinks "plausible and ingenious, but fallacious," seems to us to have both force and truth in it. All excitability beyond the bounds of reason is a matter of temperament, and subject to strange sympathies which reason can neither control nor explain. But whoever seriously believed the end of the world to be at hand, would be in a state of *reasonable* excitement; and the doctrine of literal inspiration had, long before America was known, seemed to give all men an absolute warrant for that belief. The behavior of the New England sectaries under such persuasion was natural enough. The opinion was a delusion; but if one honest sermon proved sufficient to dispel it from the minds of one congregation, let the theology both at home and abroad, which dares not speak plainly to the people, and hardly dares to open its own eyes, bear the blame of all such epidemic extravagance.

But we must follow Sir Charles Lyell further into this subject, on which, in his 12th chapter, he

has written fully, earnestly, and wisely, in a tone that can give just offence to nobody. And if we can draw more general attention to that chapter alone, we shall render a seasonable service to truth and charity on both sides of the Atlantic.

Religion is rightly assumed, by all who believe in a power above them, to be the basis and soul of education. Yet religion, as moulded by most schools of theology in Europe, is found in unnatural opposition to free teaching; and it puzzles the wisdom of senates to discover how this fatal schism is to be healed. But in New England the problem has been solved already. There are free schools there and independent sects in amicable fellowship; and it is well worth further inquiry whether toleration has produced the schools or the schools have produced toleration. Sir Charles Lyell quotes, from the farewell charge of Pastor Robinson to his congregation at Leyden, before they set sail in the Mayflower, the following passage:

I charge you before God, and his holy angels, that you follow me no further than you have seen me to follow the Lord Jesus Christ. The Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of his holy word. For my part, I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the reformed churches, who are come to a period in religion, and will go at present no further than the instruments of their first reformation; the Lutherans cannot be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw. Whatever part of his will our good God has imparted and revealed unto Calvin, they will die rather than embrace it, and the Calvinists, you see, stick fast where they were left by that great man of God, who yet saw not all things. This is a misery much to be lamented; for though they were burning and shining lights in their times, yet they penetrated not into the whole council of God; but were they now living, they would be as willing to embrace further light as that which they first received. I beseech you to remember it; it is an article of your church covenant, that you will be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known unto you from the written word of God. Remember that, and every other article of your most sacred covenant.

Now the principle which is contained in these pregnant words it is probable that neither the preacher himself nor the most reflecting of his hearers would have been ready to follow out to its destined results. The zealous exiles were as positive and intolerant under their new heaven as the brethren they had left behind them under the old. But no philosopher ever stood wholly clear of his own times and associations—how much less any religious enthusiast. The progress which Pastor Robinson foresaw was something that should enlarge only, and enforce, but not confute, or altogether outgrow, the teaching of Calvin. It was indeed a great step to admit that Calvin himself saw not all things. It is a further and greater step to admit that Calvin saw many things that were not, and that the progress of truth includes unlearning much as well as learning more. It is Coleridge, we think, who remarks of political dis-

putants and parties, that, seeing half the truth, they are generally right in the principles which they assert, and wrong in those which they deny ; —in the same sense in which opposite proverbs are the complements of each other—both true, and yet both false. But as much can hardly be said of religious sects—for, in religion, the positive, from the nature of the case, is far more likely to be wrong, because the horizon there is infinite ; and we have no data for a doctrine of the *moral* sphere. The pastor's rule, however, "be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known unto you," though it has already led whether he would not, is a rule for all times, and will outlive all the systems in the world. Then how, and by what steps has it led the posterity of the Puritan pilgrims so wide of their father's pathway, and rolled out their narrow Calvinistic synagogue into this umbrageous confederation of Gentile Christianities ? Sir C. Lyell ascribes it all to the peculiar polity of the congregational churches, and to the natural recoil of religious feeling from the strain of Calvinism. A notable example of such reaction at the fountain head has been seen in the church and clergy of Geneva ; but the spiritual independence of every separate congregation is among the issues of Protestantism, which it was reserved for New England to sanction by law, and to make the basis of an extensive ecclesiastical discipline. It is a principle, indeed, inconsistent with truth, if religion be a catechism and a confessor ; but if it be a compound of instinct, reflection, faith, and experience, a light of the soul itself, it must feed upon free meditation ; and the independence of any body of consenting worshippers is but the natural right of so many individual minds to obey the laws of thought and the conditions of their intellectual being. Now, by insight, foresight, self-assertion, or self-defence—or why not by the providence of God ?—the Puritans of New England, before they were tolerant themselves, adopted the essential polity of toleration, and also of progress. The law gave effect to it ; and in every congregation, if the creed of the majority change, the minority must secede, and set up no rights of freehold against rights of conscience. Such is the principle of the congregational churches, of which, according to the list in the Almanac of last year, there are in the United States 1727, with 1584 ministers called orthodox, and 300 with 250 ministers called Unitarian. Sir C. Lyell says that the separate congregational churches of England, both Old and New, are, in all, above 3000, which would seem to indicate a greater proportion for New England than we should have inferred from the figures in the Almanac. But whatever their number may be, they were the true root of American Protestantism and of American education ; and Sir C. Lyell gives a very interesting account of them in both those relations :—

It is now (he says) the settled opinion of many of the most thoughtful of the New Englanders, that the assertion of the independence of each separate congregation was as great a step towards

freedom of conscience as all that had been previously gained by Luther's reformation. * * * * To show how widely the spirit of their peculiar ecclesiastical system has spread, I may state that even the Roman Catholics have, in different states, and in three or four cases, (one of which is still pending in 1848,) made an appeal to the courts at law, and endeavored to avail themselves of the principle of the Independents, so that the majority of a separate congregation should be entitled to resist the appointment by their bishop of a priest to whom they had strong objections.

But to exemplify the more regular working of the congregational polity within its own legitimate sphere, I will mention a recent case which came more home to my own scientific pursuits. A young man of superior talent, with whom I was acquainted, who was employed as a geologist in the state survey of Pennsylvania, was desirous of becoming a minister of the Presbyterian church, in that state ; but when examined, previous to ordination, he was unable to give satisfactory answers to questions respecting the plenary inspiration of Scripture, because he considered such a tenet, when applied to the first chapter of Genesis, inconsistent with discoveries now universally admitted respecting the high antiquity of the earth, and the existence of living beings on the earth long anterior to man. The rejected candidate, whose orthodoxy on all other points was fully admitted, was then invited by an Independent congregation in New England to become their pastor ; and when he accepted the offer, the other associated churches were called upon to decide whether they would assist in ordaining one who claimed the right to teach freely his own views on the question at issue. The right of the congregation to elect him, whether the other churches approved of the doctrine or not, was conceded ; and a strong inclination is always evinced, by the affiliated societies, to come, if possible, to an amicable understanding. Accordingly, a discussion ensued, and is perhaps still going on, whether, consistently with a fair interpretation of Scripture, or with what is essential to the faith of a Christian, the doctrine of complete and immediate inspiration may or may not be left as an open question.

Now the close connection of all this with the moral culture of a people cannot be questioned upon general grounds ; nor can anybody turn away from it, as remote from the business of life, who reflects upon our actual religious difficulties at home, upon our public divisions and our domestic estrangements, all springing from the old passion for doctrinal uniformity.

The love of truth is honorable in all ; and with the disciples of an infallible church we will not dispute. But there can be only one infallible church ; and if the Protestant world be but seeking for that through free inquiry, then the freer the inquiry, the greater the hope of ultimate unity. In the present state of the world, unity is irreconcileable with freedom ; and, in default of unity, the outward simulation of it is plain falsehood. We may agree that sincerity is not everything in religion ; but insincerity, even on the right side, must be something worse ; and how much of that there is in Old England, we should be sorry to see computed in a question of national character. Reli-

gious insincerity, commonly called cant, is one of our special vices ; and yet it does not seem natural to us, but results insensibly from our conservative love of old forms of speech which have survived their meaning, and ancient rites that have no life left in them. This is notable in church and state alike ; in our constitutional and legal fictions ; in our public testimonials, tributes, toasts, epitaphs, and oaths, no less than in our solemn creeds, confessions, and thanksgivings. Consider, for example, in things sacred, our universal conventional indifference to the vows of sponsors in baptism, although the awful old service is scrupulously retained. So of the ordination service. Consider, also, the weekly recitation of the fourth commandment, and *the response to it*, without one word of comment or qualification on the part of the church, notwithstanding that nobody believes a *Jewish Sabbath* to be either binding upon Christians, or possible in modern life ; and not the strictest Puritan of us all, not Scotland herself, even thinks of observing it as such. The immense variance between the letter of this law and the most rigid practical interpretation of it, confounds all English ideas of Sabbath keeping and Sabbath breaking ; creates unnecessarily an awful *malum prohibitum* ; and lays snares in the path of innumerable honest and devout men and women. If the fourth commandment be, indeed, a law of the Christians, it is too certain that all Christians deliberately break it ; but if it be a law of the Jews only, then all the scandal is chargeable upon those who, professing to have divine truth in their keeping, recite this law weekly from the altar, as if it were part of the Sermon on the Mount. In the same way, chapters from the Old Testament and from the New are read out to a congregation, with no other distinction than that one is the first, the other the second lesson.

Such inconsistencies, to those who will reflect upon them, will appear far more important, and more fruitful of evil consequences, than most of us are aware of. Then there are the deliberate dishonesties of the learned, imposing upon the people what they do not believe themselves, for the sake of the end it is supposed to answer. Sir Charles Lyell adduces at length the text of the three heavenly witnesses, which no scholar, since Porson's investigation of it, professes to believe genuine, but which is still, nevertheless, retained in our Bibles, and also in those of the Episcopal church of America, notwithstanding their opportunity of expunging it when the American Episcopalians revised the liturgy, and struck out the Athanasian creed. This disingenuous timidity has long been a reflection upon all our religious teachers. It is now becoming extremely dangerous to their influence and authority. There is no meeting an age of inquiry except in the spirit of perfect candor. The question which lies at the root of all dogmatic Christianity, is the authority of the letter of Scripture ; yet, strange to say, that question is neither a settled nor an open one even among Protestants.

All the clergy of almost all sects are afraid of it ; and the students of nature, intent only upon facts that God has revealed to our senses, have to fight their way against the self-same religious prejudice which consigned Galileo to his dungeon. The geologists, following in the track of the astronomers, have made good some very important positions, and number among them many eminent churchmen of unquestioned fidelity to their ordination vows. It is now, therefore, admitted that the text is not conclusive against physical demonstration. Is the text conclusive against moral induction and metaphysical inquiry ? Let a layman put that question, and an awful silence is the least forbidding answer he will receive. No minister of a parish, no master of a school, no father of a family in England feels himself free to pursue any train of instruction that seems in conflict with a familiar text or a dogmatic formula, excepting only the subject of the opening verses of Genesis. He is either fearful of the ground himself, or he cannot clear his own path for others without opening a discussion, which is discredited on all sides and branded with reproachful names. He, in spite of himself, must take refuge in evasions and reserve, and close a subject of perhaps the liveliest interest to the most reverential minds, lest the works of God should *seem* to be at variance with his word. Here is the dilemma which will be found at the bottom of the education question in England. This is what is consciously or unconsciously meant in many important quarters by the cry against secular instruction. This is why the natural sciences were so long frowned upon in our grammar schools and colleges, and ancient knowledge preferred to modern, as a sounder and a holier lore. The theology of the Vatican was at home among the Pagan mythologies, the Aristotelian physics, and the Hebrew cosmogonies ; yet stood in awe of "the Tuscan artist's optic glass ;" and the spirit of the ancient church has ever since been true to that instinct. But Protestantism, we say again, and printing have admitted the light of nature into the schools ; and, in the unlimited ecclesiastical freedom of the United States, religion and education go hand in hand.

Certainly (says Sir C. Lyell) no people ever started with brighter prospects of uniting the promotion of both these departments than the people of New England at this moment. Of the free schools which they have founded, and the plan of education adopted by them, for children of all sects and stations in society, they feel justly proud, *for it is the most original thing which America has yet produced.*

The Puritans introduced the congregational polity—the Puritans introduced also the free schools. In the log huts of the early settlers in Massachusetts were commonly found the Bible and "Paradise Lost."

Full of faith, (says Sir C. Lyell,) and believing that their religious tenets must be strengthened by free investigation, they held that the study and

interpretation of the Scriptures should not be the monopoly of a particular order of men, but that every layman was bound to search them for himself. Hence they were anxious to have all their children taught to read. So early as the year 1647, they instituted common schools, the law declaring "that all the brethren should teach their children and apprentices to read, and that every township of fifty householders should appoint one to teach all the children." Very different was the state of things in the contemporary colony of Virginia, to which the cavaliers and members of the Established Church were strong. Even fifteen or twenty years later, Sir Wm. Berkeley, who was Governor of Virginia for nearly forty years, and was one of the best of the colonial rulers, spoke thus, in the full sincerity of his heart, of his own province, in a letter written after the restoration of Charles the Second:—

"I thank God there are no free schools or printing, and I hope we shall not have them these hundred years. For learning has brought heresy, and disobedience, and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them, and libels against the best government. God keep us from both."

Such are two opposite views of the value of learning which still agitate the world; and the question between them is no speculative question, but by many degrees the most practical of all the questions of our time. But here it seems right to call in the other witnesses whose works are enumerated at the head of this article, that no conclusion in this important inquiry may rest upon any prejudice of ours, or of any single writer, however discerning or dispassionate. The problem of the civilized world is, how to promote the continual improvement of our race by means of free institutions; for there is no sign that the principle of despotism either in church or state can do it. Let the admirers of the absolute in human affairs mark the contrasts of history and of the living world. The political order of China is to British and American disorders like a cage of tame animals to the lords of the forest: the civic order of Rome is to the civic order of Boston like a cage of untamed animals to a park of friendly deer and kine.

Anglo-Saxon polity was extant 1800 years ago in the forests of Germany. "De minoribus rebus principes consultant; de majoribus omnes; ita tamen ut ea quoque quorum penes plebem arbitrium est apud principes pertractentur." The "de majoribus omnes" has developed into parliament and congress; the "apud principes pertractentur" into Downing Street and Washington cabinets. But the principle of jury trial appears also in that ancient picture: "Licit apud concilium accusare quoque et discrimen capitis intendere;" and the principle of election was applied to their state governors or sheriffs and lords lieutenant, "Eliguntur in iisdem conciliis et principes qui jura per pagos vicosque reddunt." This popular polity, we say, is historically traceable from Tacitus to Blackstone, and from the Rhine and Danube to the Potomac and the Hudson. And what results has it not brought to pass in things spiritual as well as things temporal? There

are Eastern despotisms and Eastern idolatries over boundless realms, the same to-day as they were when the Druids sacrificed in Stonehenge; but the Druids and their followers are transformed into Romanists and Protestants, into learned Tractarians, devout Baptists, followers of Chalmers, followers of Channing, Anglicans, Presbyterians, Independents and Universalists. Messrs. Reed and Matheson, two pious English dissenting ministers, have written each a volume on religion and education in America; and in Mr. Mackay's very copious and sensible work there is a chapter on each of those subjects. We have also before us the tenth annual report of the Massachusetts' system of Common Schools, 1849; and all these authorities agree in representing the United States generally, but the New England States in particular, as excelling all other nations in the general education of the people. Reed and Matheson were deputies from the Congregational Union of England and Wales to the American churches in 1834—devout, earnest Calvinistic dissenters—not unprejudiced, therefore, but very honest and open-hearted; and from Mr. Matheson's letter on "general impressions" we select the following passage, remembering what Sir C. Lyell, a witness of such a different class, has said to the same effect:—

Allowing, as I did, for the difficulties of a newly settled country, and for the disadvantages of emigration, the state of education, morals and religion was decidedly better than I expected to find it; indeed, I have never visited a country in which I have seen them equalled. *England herself painfully suffers in the comparison.* There are undoubtedly some points in politics, in science, and in domestic life, in which the advantage may still be with the parent country; but on the subjects in question, and which are legitimate to this inquiry, the advantage is with America. Education with us may, in certain cases, be more refined and reconcile; but it is not spread over so large a surface, and is less in the sum total; and if, as Johnson says, the state of common life is the true state of a nation, the nation must be considered to be better educated. In morals too you are constrained to receive the same impression.

Such is the testimony of the pious dissenting minister, looking at everything in the light of religion. Take next the verdict of the English barrister, looking at spiritual things from neutral ground, with a feeling by no means irreligious, but wholly unsectarian, liberal and humane—half philosophic, half worldly wise:—

There is much in the general polity of America to strike the stranger with surprise, but nothing more calculated to excite his admiration than the earnestness with which education is there universally promoted by the state, as a matter in which the state has the most deep and lasting interest. The American government is one which shrinks not from investigation, but covets the intelligent scrutiny of all who are subjected to it. It is founded neither on force nor fraud, and seeks not therefore to ally itself with ignorance. Based upon the principle of right and justice, it seeks to league itself with intelligence and virtue. Its roots lie

deep in the popular will; and in the popular sympathies is the chief source of its strength. It is its great object therefore to have that will controlled, and those sympathies regulated by an enlightened judgment. It thus calls education to its aid, instead of treating it as its foe. (*Mackay*, vol. iii., p. 225.) Again:—The results of the general attention to popular education characteristic of American polity, are as cheering as they are obvious. It divorces man from the dominion of his mere instincts, in a country the institutions of which rely for their maintenance upon the enlightened judgments of the public. Events may occur which may catch the multitude in an unthinking humor, and carry it away with them, or which may blind the judgment by flattering appeals to the passions of the populace; but, on the great majority of questions of a social and political import which arise, every citizen is found to entertain an intelligent opinion. He may be wrong in his views, but he can always offer you reasons for them. In this how favorably does he contrast with the unreasoning and ignorant multitudes in other lands! All Americans read and write. Such children and adults as are found incapable of doing either, are emigrants from some of the less favored regions of the older hemisphere, where popular ignorance is but too frequently regarded as the best guarantee for the stability of political systems. (*Ibid.*, vol. iii., p. 238.)

Now surely this, in all unjaundiced European eyes, ought to seem the noblest and most hopeful political spectacle which the world affords. It is giving democracy the fairest of trials, and goes far to explain and justify the great part which seems assigned to the Anglo-Saxon race in the occupying and civilizing of the earth. For allowing fully the advantage of an unlimited territory, and unlimited employment, as contrasted with the perennial pauperism of old countries; yet here is a nation which takes measures beforehand against the degradation of the people by making the ignorance, which is the main source of it, impossible. Of course, if anybody doubts the progressive destiny and continual improbability of our race, and thinks, with Lord Byron, that "man always has been, and always will be, an unlucky rascal," it is easy to point to rocks on which American civilization must suffer shipwreck. The union will be rent asunder by factions and slavery—population will at last overflow the temperate regions—pauperism will overwhelm polity—and society must start again round the old circle. But what if there be no such circle? or if the true circle be an ever-enlarging one, and the measure of it beyond historical ken? The power of knowledge has never yet been tried upon the majority—the old world has not dared to try it. But thoughtful men are looking now—some it may be with doubt, and some with fear, but every one of them with the deepest interest—to the issue of that "experiment solitary" in America. As for the system and machinery of American education, it is of less importance than the principle, but of great importance notwithstanding. All the authors we have named give us detailed accounts of it; but we had better resort to the Massachusetts' report itself, where the system is most perfect, and the

results the most satisfactory. Mr. Horace Mann, the compiler of the report, is ardent in the cause; and some allowance must be made for a style colored by enthusiasm; but this volume is indeed a noble monument of a civilized people; and, if America were sunk beneath the waves, would remain the fairest picture on record of an ideal commonwealth! From the second section of the fifth chapter of the constitution of Massachusetts, he gives us the following passage:—

Wisdom and knowledge, as well as virtue, diffused generally among the body of the people, being necessary for the preservation of their rights and liberties; and as these depend on spreading the opportunities and advantages of education in the various parts of the country, and among the different orders of the people, it shall be the duty of the legislatures and magistrates, in all future periods of the Commonwealth, to cherish the interests of literature and the sciences, and all seminaries of them; especially in the University of Cambridge, public schools, and grammar schools in the towns; to encourage private societies and public institutions, rewards and immunities for the promotion of agriculture, arts, sciences, commerce, trade, manufactures, and a natural history of the country; to countenance and inculcate the principles of humanity and general benevolence, public and private charity, industry, and frugality, honesty and punctuality in their dealings; sincerity, good humor, and all social affections and generous sentiments among the people.

In England it is the doctrine of a certain school of liberal politicians, (we fear a large one,) that education should be as voluntary as religion, and that both should be left to supply and demand. But we have in the United States the authority and example of the freest republic in the world in favor of a very different principle, viz., that religion should be free, and education compulsory—that the state should train all its subjects to the duties of men and citizens, upon a basis of absolute religious equality. And we venture to say that this rule has its root in reason, as well as in the essential conditions and necessities of a Protestant commonwealth.

Take the following article from the "Massachusetts Declaration of Rights":—

It is the right, as well as duty, of all men in society, publicly, and at stated seasons, to worship the Supreme Being, the great Creator and Preserver of the universe, and no subject shall be hurt, molested, or restrained, in his person, liberty, or estate, for worshipping God in the manner and season most agreeable to the dictates of his own conscience; or for his religious professions or sentiments, provided he does not disturb the public peace, or obstruct others in their religious worship. (Art. 2.)

All religious sects and denominations demeaning themselves peaceably, and as good citizens of the Commonwealth, shall be equally under the protection of the law; and no subordination of any one sect or denomination to another, shall ever be established by law.—(*Amendments to the Constitution of Massachusetts*. Art. 11.)

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free

exercise thereof.—(*Constitution of the United States. Amendments, Art. 1.*)

The School Committees shall never direct to be purchased or used, in any town schools, any school books which are calculated to favor the tenets of any particular sect of Christians.—*Revised Statutes, c. xxiii. sec. 23.*)

Now, a state religion would be acceptable to all men, if there were one religion only in the state; but where there are many, it is difficult to conceive it consisting with religious liberty, and with the universal or harmonious system of public education. We know too well our own dilemmas upon this subject, from which we vainly attempt to escape by compromises which invade both theories, and give satisfaction to nobody; and we see, as a matter of fact, that the United States have delivered themselves from our difficulties, by altogether rejecting a state religion, and putting all sects upon one footing.

Upon this foundation is built the great system of which this Massachusetts' Report is a full and complete delineation; and we must confess that the pilgrim fathers were truly prolific men, and that their free schools have spread as far and wide, and outgrown the original type, as much as their first Puritan churches. The area of Massachusetts is about 8000 square miles, divided into 314 towns or cities. Each town and city is a body politic and corporate, required by law to provide one or more schools for the free admission and free education of all its children; and is indictable for not doing so: the law fixes the minimum, but not the maximum of schooling. And though fact so often follows law with tardy and unwilling steps, yet in Massachusetts this law has been superseded by the zeal of the people to obey it!—“the towns taxing themselves for an amount of schooling many times greater than the law requires.” “In this respect,” says Mr. Mann, “the towns are like a righteous man who acts from a higher motive than a legal mandate—who does right because it is right, and has no occasion to think of penalties.”

To the same effect, Sir C. Lyell says:—

My informants in general were desirous that I should understand that the success of their plan of national education does not depend so much on the number and pay of the teachers as on the interest taken in it by the entire population, who faithfully devote more time and thought to the management of the schools, *than to any other public duty*. About one million of dollars is spent in teaching a population of 800,000 souls, independently of the sums expended on private instruction, which in the city of Boston is supposed to be equal to the amount levied by taxes for the free schools, or 260,000 dollars (55,000/.) If we were to enforce a school rate in Great Britain, bearing the same proportion to our population of twenty-eight millions, the tax would amount annually to more than seven millions sterling, and would then be far less effective, owing to the higher cost of living, and the comparative average standard of incomes among professional and official men.

The system of Massachusetts, from the building of a school to the choice and qualifications of the

master, is most elaborate and complete; and supported at every step by acts of the legislature and decisions of the courts, and by the co-operation of the whole community. Democracy works it all!

Each town, in public meeting, determines its school districts; votes the money; collects and deposits it in the town treasury; determines the distribution of it, for, 1. The wages of teachers; 2. The board of teachers; 3. Fuel for the schools; then appoints what is called a “prudential committee,”—i. e., one person or three, charged, like our churchwardens, with the care of the school fabrie and furniture, also at the public expense; then elects a *school committee* of three, five, or seven persons, “to have the general charge and superintendence of all the public schools in the town.” The members of this last important committee are entitled to one dollar a day for their actual working days, and their duties are prescribed by law,—viz., to keep a record book of all their own proceedings; to select and contract with teachers; to examine them, and certify to their qualifications, 1. In respect of morals; 2. In respect of literature; 3. In respect of “capacity to govern;” and, 4. In respect of “good behavior,”—i. e., good manners; also to visit the schools *at least* quarterly, and to prescribe the books that shall be used in them. Then we have a “Board of Education, whose duty is to obtain information respecting the true principles of education, and the best means of promoting it, and to diffuse that information among the people.” And to this end we have school registers, directions and explanations, inquiries and returns, school committees’ reports, school abstracts, reports of the Board of Education and its secretary, school libraries and apparatus, state normal schools, teachers’ institutes; aids and encouragements towards universal education, teachers’ associations, county associations of teachers, *schools for the Indians*, for the deaf and dumb, for the blind, for idiots, for prisoners, and a state reform school “for the instruction, employment, and reformation of juvenile offenders.”*

Into the details of all these, of course, we cannot enter; but the foregoing summary is enough to show that here is no republic of barricades, or of national workshops, or of twenty-four hours’ pillage, but a most earnest endeavor after a commonwealth of intelligent, industrious, just, and humane men.

“He who studies,” says Mr. Mann, “the present or the historic character of Massachusetts will see—and he who studies it most profoundly will see most clearly—that whatever of abundance, of intelligence, or of integrity—whatever of character at home, or of renown abroad she may possess—all has been evolved from the enlightened, and at least partially christianized mind, not of a few, but of the great masses of her people.”

If there is national pride here, it is surely pride

* We wish our Education Committees would look at a volume on School Architecture, by H. Barnard, Commissioner of Public Schools in Rhode Island. We have no such book, even for the Lodges of Country Seats.

that has much to say for itself—"a noble passion, | **misnamed pride**"—and we must not forget what our English witnesses have testified to the same effect, and generally in favor of the state of society in New England. It is a country without native pauperism and without native ignorance; a country where domestic peace, wealth, science, piety, and the refinements and charities of life have flourished for seventy years under an absolute democracy.

Of course there is no perfection in the case. National follies and vices are the follies and vices of those who compose the nation. But the way to judge a nation justly is the way to judge a man—to look not at his virtues alone, still less at his vices alone—but at the whole of his character, and the general tenor of his conduct. There are democrats who applaud everything in America, because there is universal suffrage and ballot there. There are tories and high churchmen who condemn everything in America, because they have cast off the crown and mitre; and whigs who judge them, because they have not got rid of slavery; and men of taste, because the odor of Puritanism is yet strong upon them, and because in two hundred years of pioneering through the forests of a hemisphere, they have not advanced with equal steps in court graces, the belles lettres, and the fine arts. But all Englishmen should remember this, that these their brethren of the New World have sown the institutions of Alfred, and the language of Shakspeare, broad cast, from the Atlantic to the Pacific! that in the north-eastern states, at least, they have cherished and improved upon the virtues of their fathers, and outgrown many of their vices; that the slavery of the southern states is a legacy from the parent land, and that all the ignorance and pauperism of New England is an overflow from Europe!

Thus far we have confined our views to the moral aspects of American society—taking material developments for granted. The industrial, commercial, mechanical, business-loving, money-making virtues and vices of the British race are conspicuous throughout the world, and are the indispensable groundwork of whatever other and higher conquests that race may have achieved. But if to feed and clothe and lodge himself better and better were the whole duty of man upon earth, history would soon lose its interest for us. It is what he will make of the world when he has won it, that we look to with anxious and curious eyes;—and New England is, we think, a hopeful specimen of what at least he is aiming at in the western world. The number and energy of the sects there bespeak the life of religion among the people; and popular religion is popular philosophy—the love and study of wisdom—the cultivation of the spiritual part of man—the counterpoise and corrective of mere animal existence; and the *amity* of so many zealous and independent sects is an answer we think to the question—Can the majority be just when it is supreme? Every sect is a small minority, among a multitude of rivals—yet the

conscience of every sect is respected both by the law and by society—and nobody appears afraid of free inquiry and the light of knowledge. We say, therefore, that society in New England is at least as civilized and as secure as in Old England. "There is no country," says Sir C. Lyell, "where a woman could, with so much comfort and security, undertake a long journey alone." And when he was animadverting upon the evils of universal suffrage, the turbulence of demagogues, and the strife of elections perpetually going on, he was asked in reply, "whether any of the British colonies are more prosperous in agriculture, manufactures, or commerce, are doing so much to promote good schools, as some even of their most democratic states, such as New Hampshire and Maine? Let our institutions, they said, be judged of by their fruits. To this appeal an Englishman, as much struck as I had been with the recent progress of things in those very districts, and with the general happiness, activity, and contentment of all classes, could only respond by echoing the sentiment of the Chancellor Oxenstiern, 'Quam parvâ sapientiâ mundus gubernatur.' How great must be the amount of misgovernment in the world in general, if a democracy like this can deserve to rank so high in the comparative scale!" Perhaps a juster reflection would have been that it is not upon what we call government that the world essentially depends; but upon certain laws of nature and of Providence, which the more that men will study and submit to, each in his private sphere, the more the world will go as its Creator designed it to do; and to this end it is essential that thought, and inquiry, and conscience, and worship should be free.

And now let us glance at the question of the federal government, and see whether we gather from our witnesses more grounds for fear that the south will break with the north, or for hope that the civilization of the north will peaceably spread to the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific, and the Union continue to hold together this great brotherhood of British nations.

Mr. Mackay upon this, as upon all other points, is abundant in details and inferences, and has one chapter which he is adventurous enough to entitle "a peep into the future." But Sir C. Lyell is more cautious, and so far a better pilot in unknown seas. The following passage we have noted particularly in chapter nine, just after an account of a whig *caucus*, and a moderating speech from Mr. Webster in reference to the Oregon dispute with England, and also to certain party divisions in the Union:—

It was satisfactory to reflect that in Massachusetts, where the whole population is more educated than elsewhere, and more Anglo-American, having less of recent foreign admixture, whether European or African, the dominant party is against the extension of slavery to new regions like Texas, against territorial aggrandizement, whether in the north or south, and against war. They are in a minority, it is true; but each state of the union has such a separate and independent position, that, like a dis-

tinct nation, it can continue to cherish its own principles and institutions, and set an example to the rest, which they may in time learn to imitate. The whigs were originally in favor of more centralization, or of giving increased power to the federal executive, while the democratic party did all they could to weaken the central power, and successfully contended for the sovereign rights and privileges of each member of the confederation. *In so doing they have, perhaps, inadvertently, and without seeing the bearing of their policy, guarded the older and more advanced commonwealths from being too much controlled and kept down by the ascendancy of newer and ruder states.*

Here, then, is a source of moral strength latent in the very weakness of the federal bond; for we take for granted that it is the influence and example of the more enlightened states that give tone and dignity to Congress; and those centres of civilization would lose their proper light and heat, if their domestic administration were dependent upon the will of a ruder democracy. This will be manifest to any one who makes for argument's sake an extreme supposition in the matter of slavery. Suppose the south strong enough not only to withstand the opinion of the north upon that subject, but also to impose the institution of slavery upon New England! The whole civilized world would then pray for the dissolution of the Union for civilization's sake. In such a march of allied nations through the wilderness, all depends upon the rear following the front, and unless not only the white man can govern the black and the red, but the wiser whites can lead the ruder, and light prevail against darkness by its own inherent power, the western world must relapse almost into its original condition; and what vantage-ground has the old world from which it could look undismayed upon such a fall?

But we are hopeful of American civilization and of American democracy, which two must stand or fall together; and we would not willingly believe the slavery schism so fundamental as to sever all the natural and habitual ties which bind the southern states to the common interests and glory of the Union. It is not only material interests against moral, which can never prevail in the long run, but the material interests of the present against the material interests of the future. A republican league upon the basis of slavery, or a war of independence for such a cause, could not prosper in the modern world. The north would hold its own, and the south would fall a prey to civil discord and servile war. This, we think, must be so clear to reflecting men on both sides, that in the last extremity it will save the Union. On the one hand are the great natural ties of blood and language—similar political institutions—the same proud memories of the past—the same high anticipations of the future—one Washington—one thanksgiving day—one star banner—one Mississippi! On the other hand, only the black man, and the unblest dominion over him.

It is, however, confessed and proclaimed that the difficulties of the slavery question have increased

formidably since the annexation of Texas and the Mexican war. Both those transactions had their origin and impulse from the worst and not the best side of American democracy; and though national errors ought not to reflect upon the character of the minority that opposed them, they lower the character of the government whose action is determined by votes, and which represents the country in its foreign relations. And see how the millstone of slavery hangs about the highest interests and prospects of the Union. It is no longer that blot upon the Constitution which was not to be mentioned by name—no longer that inheritance which North and South alike were eager to repudiate before emancipation had become the religion of England. Slavery is now a "peculiar institution"—a right and a privilege for which secession or war can be openly spoken of on both sides! and Fugitive Slave Bills proposed and probably carried! Slavery began to be cherished for the sake of cotton, and new states have been annexed for the sake of slavery, and the result is not only increasing complications upon the slavery question in particular, but imminent dangers to the Union itself, from an overbalance, not so much of territory, as of impulsive and untrained democracy. Texas was annexed against the best and wisest opinions in the United States—the most moral and the most prudent—against the opinions represented by Channing, and against the opinions represented by Webster. Texas, which was free under Mexico, is enslaved under the Union! Texas led to the Mexican war, to the western territorial mania, and to California: and here, in the course of five years, we have progress upon such a scale, and under such a momentum and velocity, as to create political complications unknown to the long experience of Europe.

No wise man will predict the future of America; and yet to avoid speculation wholly, we must shut our eyes upon the most interesting phenomena of the living world; and to see American civilization swallowed up in barbarism would chill the hopes of the most sanguine friends of man, as they have never been chilled hitherto in the darkest eras of the past. Doubtless there are dangers; and the peril of the Union supersedes at this moment every other question in the United States. For though the cause of civilization is not bound up with the present confederacy, a dissolution would involve wars and backslidings, and a century of lee-way, and would react heavily upon the fortunes of Europe.

Let us look, therefore, if there be no elements of hope in the conditions of the question as it now stands.

We began our survey of the United States on their bright side, where, in New England, civilization has achieved its greatest triumphs, and achieved them under a democracy: from which we drew this inference, that civilization is compatible with democracy. And if so in the North, why not in the South? If in the East, why not

in the West? It is at any rate more a question of blood and breed than of latitude and climate. There are great races of men in the world that have never shown a genius for polity. But our race has shown it eminently under every sky, and for one thousand years, from Alfred to Washington, has never for any considerable interval been retrograde. The English tongue is a compound of all languages, and British institutions are a compound of all the polities of the world. The war against the American wilderness is the same now as it was from the beginning; or, if upon a vaster scale, with corresponding advantages of experience and power. Consider how greatly physical and mechanical apparatus have been brought to bear upon civilization: and if parish boundaries in America are meridians of latitude and longitude, let us remember the steamship and the steam-press, the electric post and the flying train! The scale of operations is nothing if the ways and means be commensurate; and in the *rara tabula* of America those ways and means have only the natural intractability of men to contend with, and not the adventitious obstacles of the prejudices and prescriptions of the Old World. Should the civilization of the old and free states be but secure, their character cannot suffer by those accessions from the backwoods which lower the average character of the Union. It is incident to popular government, and still more to federal constitutions, that the nation in its collective form and action is a balance of the best and worst sense which it contains; and the United States must pay this penalty for the glory of subduing a continent;—their progress will be constantly retarded and checked from time to time by the influx of wild brethren and of raw levies from the far West. But what help is there for this, except in the constant resistance and protest kept up against it? No sharp line of demarcation can be drawn: no moment of maturity can be predetermined for the admission of a new state. It is the task of tame elephants to subdue the wild. It is the very commission of the civilized states to leaven the mass, and to annex that they may leaven. And has not so much hitherto been done and made good in that way as to forbid despair at this or any other season? It is Texas and slavery which have raised the present excitement and brought on the present crisis. But the ferment, we think, is more likely to be healthful than destructive. To every bane there is an antidote. As the spirit of the slave interest is embittered, the moral spirit of abolition is reanimated and reinforced; and as the barbarism of the West presses upon Congress, the civilization of the East puts on its armor and stands on more vigilant guard. Then in the West itself, against Texas is to be set off California and New Mexico, "which," says Mr. Webster, in his great speech in the Senate of the United States, on the 7th of March last,—

—Are likely to come in as free. What I mean to say is, that African slavery, as we see it among

us, is as impossible to find itself, or to be found, in California and New Mexico, as any other natural impossibility. California and New Mexico are Asiatic in their formation and scenery. They are composed of vast ridges of mountains of enormous height, with broken ridges and deep valleys. The sides of these mountains are barren, entirely barren, their tops capped by perennial snow. There may be in California, now made free by its constitution, and no doubt there are, some tracts of valuable land. But it is not so in New Mexico. Pray what is the evidence which every gentleman must have obtained on this subject, from information sought by himself, or communicated by others? I have inquired and read all I could find, in order to acquire information on this important question. What is there in New Mexico that could, by any possibility, induce anybody to go there with slaves? There are some narrow strips of tillable land on the borders of the rivers, but the rivers themselves dry up before midsummer is gone. All that the people can do in that region is to raise some little articles, some little wheat for their tortillas, and all by irrigation. And who expects to see a hundred black men cultivating tobacco, corn, cotton, rice, or anything else, on lands in New Mexico, made fertile only by irrigation? I look upon it, therefore, as a fixed fact, to use an expression current at this day, that both California and New Mexico are destined to be free, as far as they are settled at all, which, I believe, especially in regard to New Mexico, will be very little for a great length of time—free by the arrangement of things, by the Power above us. I have therefore to say, in this respect also, that this country is fixed for freedom, to as many persons as shall ever live in it, by as irrepealable, and more irrepealable, a law than the law which attaches to the right of holding slaves in Texas; and I will say further, that if a resolution, or a law, were now before us to provide a territorial government for New Mexico, I would not vote to put any prohibition into it whatever. The use of such a prohibition would be idle, as respects any effect it would have upon the territory; and I would not take pains to reaffirm an ordinance of Nature, nor to reenact the will of God.

Now though Mr. Webster thinks that new Mexico will be slowly peopled, yet the rush of adventurers upon California will certainly raise up some rapid masses of population there—and of population trained in the Old World, and in the oldest parts of the New—so that the Union will have some groundwork of allegiance, and many peaceful interests, already established on the Pacific, and the backwoods may be attacked in the rear. Then, among moral agencies, to say no more of the Protestant sects which sow some seed of Christianity everywhere, we would not overlook the Romanist religion of the French races in the valley of the Mississippi. The Church of Rome, though no friend to intellectual freedom, and therefore to the progress of mankind, has always been the nursing mother of humanity in rude times and regions. Compare, for instance, her missionaries and ours, even in China! Her pastoral system is benign and all-embracing, and, for simple men, her ritual the most elevated of all mythologies. Mr. Mackay is alarmed for the Protestantism of Western America.

The Church of Rome, he says, has in a manner abandoned the comparatively popular states of the sea-board, and fixed its attention upon the valley of the Mississippi. In this it has discovered a farseeing policy. Nineteen twentieths of the Mississippi valley are yet under the dominion of the wilderness. But no portion of the country is being so rapidly filled with population. In fifty years its inhabitants will, in number, be more than double those of the Atlantic States. The Church of Rome has virtually left the latter to the tender mercies of contending Protestant sects, and is fast taking possession of the great valley.

In her operations she does not confine herself to the more populous portions of the valley, her devoted missionaries penetrating its remotest regions, wherever a white man or an Indian is to be found. Wherever the Protestant missionary goes he finds that he has been forestalled by his more active rival, whose coadjutors roam on their proselytizing mission over vast tracts of country into which the Protestant has not yet followed him with a similar object. Catholicism is thus, by its advance guards, who keep pace with population whithersoever it spreads, sowing broad-cast the seeds of future influence. In many districts the settler finds no religious counsellor within reach but the faithful missionary of Rome, who has thus the field to himself, a field which he frequently cultivates with success. In addition to this, seminaries, in connexion with the church, are being founded, not only in places which are now well filled with people, but in spots which careful observation has satisfied its agents will yet most teem with population. Ecclesiastical establishments, too, are being erected, which commend themselves to the people of the districts in which they are found by the mode in which they administer to their comforts and their necessities when other means of ministering to them are wanting. The Sisters of Charity have already their establishments amid the deep recesses of the forest, prescribing to the diseased in body, and administering consolation to the troubled in spirit, long before the doctor or the minister makes his appearance in the settlement. By this attention to the physical as well as to the moral wants, the Roman emissaries, ere there are yet any to compete with them, gain the good will of the neighborhood in the midst of which they labor, and proselytism frequently follows hard upon a lively sentiment of gratitude.

We cannot but regret that this pleasing picture should be dashed with any shade of Protestant jealousy. A thousand synods of Thurles shall not provoke us here. It exhibits the Church of Rome on what has ever been her bright side—the pastoral and not the theological. She has always been the friend and guardian of society in its infancy, in its desolation, in seasons of famine, of pestilence, and of secular oppression. In Europe, for many centuries, amid the darkness of evil generations, she was the sole sanctuary of peace, of mercy, and of female innocence. And now for her labors of charity, not for the first time in the American wilderness, we are very willing to forget her prospective policy, and that eye to business which Mr. Mackay forewarns us of. In the Roman Catholic missionaries of the great valley let us welcome present instruments of good whom Providence has not sent there for nothing.

And thus whoever casts a comprehensive eye over the vast and varied picture of the United States will discern signs of growth, change, transition, conflict, and compensation on every side, and agencies of man and nature apparently in opposition that are really working together to some general end. The four races of men, too, which compose that vast population—the Saxon, the Celt, the Negro, and the Indian—whatever their separate fortunes, must mingle their blood, more or less, together; and, as Nature makes nothing in vain, we know not what political results may come of that. Dr. Arnold, many years ago, in some historical disquisition, assumed that European society must work out its destiny with the means already in its possession, and had no new ingredients or infusions to look for; upon which, a writer in the Westminster Review remarked that the Negro race had not yet played its part in the world, and was perhaps destined to supply the pacific and *Christian* counterpoise to the martial and pioneering virtues of the northern races. Of course we do not propound this as any serious theory of our own; but when we study Lavater, and read Blumenbach and D'Israeli upon Caucasians, Mongolians, Ethiopians, and the type man, there is nothing absurd in suggesting that Nature may have designed ultimately to fuse her three original types into one, and that the last and highest man may be something higher than a Jew.

There is an opinion in Europe that American democracy has outlived the virtues of its founders, and has become corrupt and acquisitive, envious, factious, and insensible to honor. But if this means that America is suffering, upon the whole, a moral decline, the opinion seems to us inconsistent with the high and progressive civilization of many of the older states. We would ascribe the evil to growth rather than decay; or at the worst to that *relative* deterioration which is involved in the rapid increase of independent constituencies. The national point of honor may easily stand lower now than it did in the first years of independence, when the population was more compact, more united by a common sentiment, and more under the influence of the eminent and disinterested men who laid the foundation of the republic. The pioneers of the west have not been trained in courts or camps; and the questions which now agitate the Union, like the questions which agitate all governments, are calculated to bring out the fiercest passions of the populace. Yet the true question is not simply as to the existence and vivacity of democratic vices in America, but whether such corruptions are the permanent and increasing tendency of popular institutions;—for if they be, then men of virtue, as well as men of taste, will “fly from petty tyrants to the throne,” or, if need be, even to the shelter of hierarchies and of castes. But let institutions be judged by their fruits—the good and the bad together. In every country there are examples of any kind of moral character from which a

writer may choose to generalize. If we were to judge at home of the quality of the waters by the scum of the surface, or by the dregs at bottom, what inferences should we draw from election mobs, parliamentary intrigues, and railway morality! These are undeniable disgraces, but they are not the whole of England. There are readers, who never crossed the Atlantic, who figure to themselves all America to be spitting on the carpet, all American religion to be that of a Smith and a Miller, and all American law to be that of Lynch—the truth being that Americans do spit more than is approved of in England; that Lynch is still an indispensable man in the backwoods: and that the Mormons have founded a state; but the truth being also, that the best society and manners are to be found in the States; that the gradations of law rise from Lynch, through Kent, up to Story, one of the first of modern jurists; and gradations of religion from the fanaticisms of Smith up to the Christian theism of Channing, for whom even the Roman Catholic chapels tolled their bells as his coffin passed to the grave.

In the Union, besides freedom and slavery, we have all stages and varieties of the social condition—the town life of Boston, the town life of New York and of New Orleans, and the town life of San Francisco—rural life in the valley of the Connecticut, rural life in the valley of the Ohio, and rural life in the valley of the Sacramento—and all in both kinds that lie between those extreme and intermediate points. We own that when we reflect upon such diversities of civilization, all under high-pressure democracy, our admiration is great at the births of time which some seventy years have seen in the western continent, and our hopes no less of what the coming centuries will bring forth. There is a corresponding strength in the vices and virtues of freedom. No European moralist could inveigh with more severity against the corruption of opinion and practice in the United States than Dr. Channing in writing upon Texas and slavery. And touching the press, which indicates as accurately as anything the spirit of a reading democracy, hear Webster in the speech before referred to:—

Again, sir, the violence of the press is complained of. The press violent! Why, sir, the press is violent everywhere. There are outrageous reproaches in the north against the south, and there are reproaches no better in the south against the north. The extremists in both parts of this country are violent; they mistake loud and violent talk for eloquence and for reason. They think that he who talks loudest reasons best. And this we must expect, when the press is free, as it is here, and I trust always will be; for, with all its licentiousness, and all its evil, the entire and absolute freedom of the press is essential to the preservation of the government on the basis of a free constitution. Wherever it exists there will be foolish paragraphs and violent paragraphs in the press, as there are, I am sorry to say, foolish speeches and violent speeches in both houses of Congress. In truth, I must say, that, in my opinion, the vernacular tongue of the country has become greatly vitiated, depraved, and

corrupted by the style of our congressional debates. And if it were possible for those debates to vitiate the principles of the people, as much as they have depraved their taste, I should cry out "God save the republic."

This, from the mouth of the first orator of the Union, we take to be a wise and discriminating view of democracy, as it proclaims and asserts itself in speech; and applicable to many other of its phenomena, if not to the whole thing. Democracy is vehement, turbulent, overbearing, and often overreaches itself. It is, however, the toil and struggle of men engaged, with various fortune, in the battle of life; for the world is a warfare throughout, and the church herself militant on earth.

Mr. Webster being now again in office, his sentiments have increased interest and significance; and we think the following passage contains a most just estimate of the twofold duty of a representative in the united legislature of a federal government, and preserves the true balance between the independence of the component parts and the common rights of the whole:—

Complaint has been made against certain resolutions that emanate from legislatures at the north, and are sent here to us, not only on the subject of slavery in this district, but sometimes recommending Congress to consider the means of abolishing slavery in the states. I should be sorry to be called upon to present any resolutions here which could not be referable to any committee or any power in Congress; and therefore I should be unwilling to receive from the legislature of Massachusetts any instructions to present resolutions expressive of any opinion whatever on the subject of slavery, as it exists at the present moment in the states, for two reasons: because, first, I do not consider that the legislature of Massachusetts has anything to do with it; and, next, I do not consider that I, as her representative here, have anything to do with it. It has become, in my opinion, quite too common—and if the legislatures of the states do not like that opinion, they have a great deal more power to put it down than I have to uphold it;—it has become, in my opinion, quite too common a practice for the state legislatures to present resolutions here on all subjects, and to instruct us on all subjects. There is no public man that requires instruction more than I do, or who requires information more than I do, or desires it more heartily; but I do not like to have it come in too imperative a shape. I took notice, with pleasure, of some remarks upon this subject, made, the other day, in the Senate of Massachusetts, by a young man of talent and character, of whom the best hopes may be entertained. I mean Mr. Hillard. He told the Senate of Massachusetts that he would vote for no instructions whatever to be forwarded to members of Congress, nor for any resolutions to be offered, expressive of the sense of Massachusetts, as to what her members of Congress ought to do. He said that he saw no propriety in one set of public servants giving instructions and reading lectures to another set of public servants. To their own master all of them must stand or fall, and that master is their constituents. I wish these sentiments could become more common—a great deal more common. I have never entered into the question,

and never shall, about the binding force of instructions. I will, however, simply say this: if there be any matter pending in this body while I am a member of it, in which Massachusetts has an interest of her own not adverse to the general interests of the country, I shall pursue her instructions with gladness of heart, and with all the efficiency which I can bring to the occasion. But if the question be one which affects her interest, and at the same time equally affects the interests of all the other states, I shall no more regard her particular wishes or instructions than I should regard the wishes of a man who might appoint me an arbitrator or referee, to decide some question of important private right between him and his neighbor, and then *instruct* me to decide in his favor. If ever there was a government upon earth, it is this government—if ever there was a body upon earth, it is this body, which should consider itself as composed by agreement of all: each member appointed by some, but organized by the general consent of all—sitting here, under the solemn obligations of oath and conscience, to do that which they think to be best for the good of the whole.

If the statesman who spoke thus, and the colleagues who support him, and whom the death of the late president has restored to power, can maintain their ground and their principles, we, too, cry, God save the Republic, in confidence rather than in fear; for upon those conditions we think the Union will not split upon the rock of slavery, and will not be run down by the democracy of the backwoods.

In the foregoing survey, we have endeavored to follow the outlines of the subject rather than its subdivisions and details, because the difficulty of keeping such a field in sight betrays many judgments, otherwise fair and just, into narrow views and partial conclusions; and we believe these two books of Sir C. Lyell's and Mr. Mackay's to be the most comprehensive, as well as impartial, that have been published in England upon the United States. Sir C. Lyell is by nature and habit a searcher after truth, and Mr. Mackay treats every subject in the spirit of a man intent upon conveying faithful and correct impressions to his readers. "It is time," he says, "that caricature should cease, and portraiture begin," and we trust that future travellers will bear this rule in mind, and follow this good example.

There are many particular subjects of great interest, connected with the internal polity of the United States, into which we should be glad, if space permitted, to enter, under the trusty guidance of our authors. In particular we are sorry not to follow Sir C. Lyell into the slave states, of which he gives a more cheerful picture than we have been accustomed to, together with many proofs of the improbability of the negro race, and some physiological reasons for believing them capable, in successive generations, of unlimited development. Then there are Mr. Mackay's statistics of agriculture, manufactures, and trade—the increase and migrations of the people—the foreign immigration—the chapter on California—and the international, commercial, and literary

interests of the old and new world. It is altogether such a scene of political youth, strength, excitement, inexperience, opportunity, enterprise, and hope, as the world presents nowhere else between the poles. To treat such a subject wisely is a task for the best faculties of the wisest men. To treat it with supercilious dogmatism or with national ill feeling, must be discreditable to any writer of any country, but most of all to any writer who speaks the English tongue.

Amid the difficulties which beset all governments, and the uncertainties that hang over the future of all nations, it would be rash and presumptuous to pronounce that the civilization of America is doomed to no reverses, no revolutions or mediæval eclipses; that democracy will commit no crimes or blunders entailing penalties upon unborn generations; that even under the best human guidance, the reclaiming of a moral as well as material wilderness can be one march of victory and triumph. But this much we will venture to say, that, as the conditions of the problem manifest themselves at present, the United States have no greater lions in their path than the ignorance, misery, and depravity of the plebeian populations of Europe.

From the Spectator.

ROYAL ENCROACHMENTS.

By far the most objectionable part of the proceedings in respect to St. James' Park and the adornment of Buckingham Palace is the *mode* in which the whole affair has been conducted officially. In this part of the question a truly important consideration is involved, affecting the relation of the sovereign and people; and it is this point alone to which we wish to draw attention—it has been too much overlooked.

We are not among those who condemn reasonable sacrifices for the gratification of the sovereign, especially of one whose public demeanor is so perfectly constitutional and decorous; we are among those who would desire an improvement of the unsightly portions of the parks immediately around Buckingham Palace; and if it so happens that a gain to the public will be a gain to the monarch, we cannot help rejoicing at so felicitous a coincidence. We would go further. Much of the regal state in England is maintained for the satisfaction of English traditions and liking: although the abode of royalty shelters the person of the sovereign, it belongs to the nation, and is stately to please the public eye: we desire for the public, therefore, better accessories to Buckingham Palace.

But encroachment and stealthy reserve are bad modes of seeking the public consent. About the parks in particular there is a standing jealousy, and the resistance to the royal grasp upon them is a point of honor; so that seeking improvement under an aspect of encroachment was not only a certain way to provoke resistance and defeat, but was doubly accursed with a dangerous tendency to draw upon the royal family an unmerited odium. This is no phantom: a subservient ministry, desiring to gratify royal wishes, and seeking to do so not boldly and openly but by stealthy circumvention, may easily betray the court into a course of unpopular requirements; may as easily circumvent

or cajole the guardians of the public interests ; and may thus bring about a disastrous train of impulses in the public mind—mistrust of the sovereign, dislike, ireful and ire-provoking resistance, hatred, and denunciation.

We have seen such things before. George the Third was met by the spontaneous homage of his people ; but his ministers helped him to provide for a large family ; his own calamity rendered him unconscious of the account of sulky, drudging dislike which had been run up against him ; but his spoiled child, George the Fourth, lived to be a butt for the bitter sedition, the sarcasms, the gibes, the execrations of his people. His stables, his gorgeous palaces, his gilt-paper boxes, his Carlton "ride," his dinners, his coats, were enumerated by the paymaster, the public ; who took out a return in libels. Queen Charlotte was not open-handed, and people talked at her "German relations," to whom rumor described her as sending surreptitiously from taxpaying England enormous cribbings in the guise of a pie filled with diamonds—the "diamond pie !!"

Let us hope that we are not upon the beginning of a new cycle like that Georgian era. It is true, however, that people *are* already beginning to talk in a very untoward spirit. They enumerate the costly stables added to Windsor Castle, the new front to Buckingham Palace, the new stables to Marlborough House for the boy Prince of Wales, to be used eight or nine years hence ; not to mention minor demands upon the public purse ; and now some demand for a slice out of the park is pushed forward with a stealthy mien, explained so as to veil its intent, half-retracted, and finally left unintelligible ; as if the commissioners of woods and forests had been trying to do something for Queen Victoria which the department dares not avow manfully, and gives up as soon as it excites inquiry. When Sir Robert Peel resisted the larger whig grant to Prince Albert on his marriage—when he manfully maintained his own position against court wishes—he may have neglected fine opportunities to cultivate back-stairs influence, and may have forfeited payment in the most pleasant ready money of smiles ; but, besides guarding the nation's interest, he truly served the royal interest—by keeping the sovereign right with the people. Queen Victoria may meet with greater subserviency, but that accommodation will cost dear. She ought to be informed that many are talking about these repeated demands, and of "German relations," as connected with such demands, and with the look of royal reluctance to pay for royal fancies. Not justly, we believe ; but if the court has not merited suspicion, then we say that the blame is due not to the public—which certainly has not been over-eager to suspect—but to those who go between the crown and the public ; who try to reconcile conflicting allegiances, not by an open and straightforward choice of the duties paramount, but by concealment and equivocation ; which serve *their* purpose for the moment, at the cost of the public in money or property—of the crown in popularity and respect.

MESSRS. LEE AND ROBINSON, of Wapping, have patented a process of making and baking bread and biscuits by steam. The *Morning Post* describes the method as seen in operation : " The flour is placed in a hopper, in its descent through which it comes in contact with carbonated water, which im-

mediately converts it into dough, in which form it issues from a cone below, and is cut off into portions of a given size ; when, being received by an attendant boy, it is passed through other machines as it may be required for bread or biscuits, into which form it is almost instantaneously converted. The batch of bread or biscuits is then placed in an oven heated by the same steam-machine by which the whole of the machinery is worked, and within a few minutes is ready for table—we have ourselves seen excellent biscuits made and baked within ten or twelve minutes." It is said that this improvement, if generally adopted, would greatly reduce the cost of bread-making, and get rid of baneful night-work, as " setting sponge" would no longer be necessary. If, however, the carbonated water is objected to, barm can still be employed.

HATS.—Among the minor matters to which the attention of reformers needs directing are—dress and costume. Science and art have invaded the palace, the cottage, the workshop, the prison—concerned themselves with the flesh we eat, the air we breathe, the waters we drink, the houses we dwell in, the streets along which we walk ; it is high time they should deign to look at the clothes we wear. Possibly, more than one article of our costume—ugly and expensive as it is, from hat to boot—will meet its condemnation in the great gathering of the coming year. Look, for example, at the European hat. Grim, stiff, unsightly, uncomfortable—it has not a redeeming feature. Yet, from year to year, we go on wearing it, and even capricious fashion refuses to meddle with this mode. We owe the hat to France, whose proverbial good taste in dress is certainly here—as, indeed, in male dress generally—at fault. The native English hat, whether worn soberly, as in the Commonwealth time, or with the dancing plume of the Restoration, was characteristic and useful. We never turn over the prints of those times, without envying our fathers the ease of their soft and shady coverings. Ours are neither. While they brand the temples with red and painful lines, they expose the face to both wind and rain. Our neighbors across the channel, we see, propose to send over to the great exhibition a variety of new ideas in the way of male head-dress ; perhaps this may lead to a revolution in English hats. The turban is, at least, picturesque—the Greek cap is gorgeous—the old German slouch hat is comfortable—the helmet affords protection—every covering that we remember has some good quality in its form, except the sections of funnels now worn.—*Athenaeum*.

A NEGRO WOMAN WITHOUT EARS.—The Rev. B. H. Benton, in a letter to the *Loudon (Va.) Chronicle*, says—

" Strange, but not less true, I yesterday saw a colored woman without ears ; not only was she without the auricle, or the external part of the ear, but there is no trace of a foramen, or passage for sonorous vibration—the meatus is entirely closed, yet she can converse with others, and distinctly hears their words, for which purpose she opens her mouth. Now, is the sound transmitted to the brain by means of the tympanum, or does it act on the auditory nerves without the intervention of the drum and appendant organs ? This is an interesting question for physiologists. The woman belongs to Mr. James Broaddus, near Caroline Court House."

MR. LAYARD'S LATEST DISCOVERIES.—A few weeks ago, we announced (says the *Literary Gazette*) Mr. Layard's return from his expedition into the desert, and the rescue of some of his larger antiquities from the mud of the river, and their embarkation for England. We have since, however, received further particulars of his most recent discoveries at Koyunjik, which are extremely interesting. He found, as has been stated, a chamber which is completely filled with terra cotta tablets, the inscriptions on which, we now learn, are stamped in, so that though Major Rawlinson thinks it very probable these tablets may be records of the empire, it is still not unlikely that many of them may, in fact, be duplicates of, or a collection of, manifestoes, for issuing to the people or their immediate rulers; in short, a sort of Assyrian official printing office. We believe that no fewer than twenty-five cases are on their way to England. In the pyramid at Nimroud, also, a unique statue has been discovered. It is from four to five feet in height, in gypsum, elaborately carved, and very perfect. There is also a high relief of the king, very beautifully executed, standing in an arch eight feet high, and covered with minute inscriptions. Mr. Layard's last communication is dated Akra, July 17th, where, we are sorry to say, he had been confined by a severe attack of fever. The inefficient assistance he has received has caused him to over-exert himself, and thus he has been stopped for a while, on his way to Van, to secure inscriptions. He hopes to pass a great part of the winter in Babylonia, and to return home in the spring. The very important discoveries he is now making render it imperatively necessary that his exertions should not be stayed for want of funds.

THE USE OF COFFINS.—The query of "H. E." seems to infer that the use of coffins may be only a modern custom. In book 23, chap. i. and ii. of "Bingham's Antiquities of the Christian Church,"

H. E. will find ample proof of the very early use of coffins. During the first three centuries of the church, one great distinction between heathens and Christians was, that the former burned their dead, and placed the bones and ashes in urns; whilst the latter always buried the corpse either in a coffin or embalmed in a catacomb, so that it might be restored, at the last day, from its original dust. There have frequently been dug out of the barrows which contain Roman urns, ancient British stone coffins. Bede mentions that the Saxons buried their dead in wood. Coffins both of lead and iron were constructed at a very early period. When the royal vaults at St. Denis were desecrated, during the first French revolution, coffins were exposed that had lain there for ages. Notwithstanding all this, it appears to be the case that, both in the Norman and English periods, the common people of this country were often wrapt in a sere-cloth after death, and so placed coffinless in the earth. The illuminations in the old missals represent this; and it is not impossible that the extract from the "Table of Duties," on which H. E. finds his inquiry, may refer to a lingering continuance of this rude custom. Indeed, a statute passed in 1678, ordering that all dead bodies shall be interred in woollen, and no other material, is so worded as to give the idea that there might be interments without coffins. The statute forbids that any person be put in, wrapt, or wound up, or buried, in any shirt, shift, sheet, or shroud, unless made of sheep's wool only; or in any coffin lined or faced with any material but sheep's wool; as if the person might be buried either in a garment, or in a coffin, so long as the former was made of, and the latter lined with, wool. I think the "bury all without a coffin," quoted by H. E., must have referred to the poorest class. Their friends, being unable to provide a coffin, conformed to an old rude custom, which had not entirely ceased.—*Notes and Queries.*

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

CHAPTER X.

In my next chapter I shall present Squire Hazeldean in patriarchal state—not exactly under the fig-tree he has planted, but before the stocks he has reconstructed. Squire Hazeldean and his family on the village green! The canvass is all ready for the colors.

But in this chapter I must so far afford a glimpse into antecedents as to let the reader know that there is one member of the family whom he is not likely to meet at present, if ever, on the village green at Hazeldean.

Our squire lost his father two years after his birth; his mother was very handsome—and so was her jointure; she married again at the expiration of her year of mourning—the object of her second choice was Colonel Egerton.

In every generation of Englishmen (at least since the lively reign of Charles II.) there are a few whom some elegant genius skims off from the milk of human nature, and reserves for the cream of society. Colonel Egerton was one of these *terque, quaterque beati*, and dwelt apart on a top shelf in that delicate porcelain dish—not bestowed upon vulgar buttermilk—which persons of fashion

call The Great World. Mighty was the marvel of Pall Mall, and profound was the pity of Park Lane, when this superéminent personage condescended to lower himself into a husband. But Colonel Egerton was not a mere gaudy butterfly; he had the provident instincts ascribed to the bee. Youth had passed from him—and carried off much solid property in its flight: he saw that a time was fast coming when a home, with a partner who could help to maintain it, would be conducive to his comforts, and an occasional humdrum evening by the fireside beneficial to his health. In the midst of one season at Brighton, to which gay place he had accompanied the Prince of Wales, he saw a widow who, though in the weeds of mourning, did not appear inconsolable. Her person pleased his taste—the accounts of her jointure satisfied his understanding; he contrived an introduction, and brought a brief wooing to a happy close. The late Mr. Hazeldean had so far anticipated the chance of the young widow's second espousals, that, in case of that event, he transferred, by his testamentary dispositions, the guardianship of his infant heir from the mother to two squires whom he had named his

executors. This circumstance combined with her new ties somewhat to alienate Mrs. Hazeldean from the pledge of her former loves; and when she had borne a son to Colonel Egerton, it was upon that child that her maternal affections gradually concentrated.

William Hazeldean was sent by his guardians to a large provincial academy, at which his forefathers had received their education time out of mind. At first he spent his holidays with Mrs. Egerton; but as she now resided either in London, or followed her lord to Brighton to partake of the gayeties at the Pavilion—so, as he grew older, William, who had a hearty affection for country life, and of whose bluff manners and rural breeding Mrs. Egerton (having grown exceedingly refined) was openly ashamed, asked and obtained permission to spend his vacations either with his guardians or at the old hall. He went late to a small college at Cambridge, endowed in the fifteenth century by some ancestral Hazeldean; and left it, on coming of age, without taking a degree. A few years afterwards he married a young lady, country born and bred like himself.

Meanwhile his half-brother, Audley Egerton, may be said to have begun his initiation into the *beau monde* before he had well cast aside his coral and bells; he had been fondled in the lap of duchesses, and galloped across the room astride on the canes of ambassadors and princes. For Colonel Egerton was not only very highly connected—not only one of the *Dii majores* of fashion—but he had the still rarer good fortune to be an exceedingly popular man with all who knew him; so popular, that even the fine ladies whom he had adored and abandoned forgave him for marrying out of “the set,” and continued to be as friendly as if he had not married at all. People who were commonly called heartless, were never weary of doing kind things to the Egertons. When the time came for Audley to leave the preparatory school, at which his infancy budded forth amongst the stateliest of the little lilies of the field, and go to Eton, half the fifth and sixth forms had been canvassed to be exceedingly civil to young Egerton. The boy soon showed that he inherited his father’s talent for acquiring popularity, and that to this talent he added those which put popularity to use. Without achieving any scholastic distinction, he yet contrived to establish at Eton the most desirable reputation which a boy can obtain—namely, that among his own contemporaries—the reputation of a boy who was sure to do something when he grew to be a man. As a gentleman commoner at Christ Church, Oxford, he continued to sustain this high expectation, though he won no prizes and took but an ordinary degree; and at Oxford the future “something” became more defined—it was “something in public life” that this young man was to do.

While he was yet at the university, both his parents died—within a few months of each other. And when Audley Egerton came of age, he succeeded to a paternal property which was supposed to be large, and indeed had once been so; but Colonel Egerton had been too lavish a man to enrich his heir, and about £1500 a year was all that sales and mortgages left of an estate that had formerly approached a rental of ten thousand pounds.

Still, Audley was considered to be opulent, and he did not dispel that favorable notion by any imprudent exhibition of parsimony. On entering the world of London, the clubs flew open to receive

him; and he woke one morning to find himself, not indeed famous—but the fashion. To this fashion he at once gave a certain gravity and value—he associated as much as possible with public men and political ladies—he succeeded in confirming the notion that he was “born to ruin or to rule the state.”

Now, his dearest and most intimate friend was Lord L’Estrange, from whom he had been inseparable at Eton; and who now, if Audley Egerton was the fashion, was absolutely the rage in London.

Harley Lord L’Estrange was the only son of the Earl of Lansmere, a nobleman of considerable wealth, and allied by intermarriages to the loftiest and most powerful families in England. Lord Lansmere, nevertheless, was but little known in the circles of London. He lived chiefly on his estates, occupying himself with the various duties of a great proprietor, and rarely came to the metropolis; so that he could afford to give his son a very ample allowance, when Harley, at the age of sixteen, (having already attained to the sixth form at Eton,) left school for one of the regiments of the Guards.

Few knew what to make of Harley L’Estrange—and that was, perhaps, the reason why he was so much thought of. He had been by far the most brilliant boy of his time at Eton—not only the boast of the cricket-ground, but the marvel of the school-room—yet so full of whims and oddities, and seeming to achieve his triumphs with so little aid from steadfast application, that he had not left behind him the same expectations of solid eminence which his friend and senior, Audley Egerton, had excited. His eccentricities—his quaint sayings and out-of-the-way actions—became as notable in the great world as they had been in the small one of a public school. That he was very clever there was no doubt, and that the cleverness was of a high order might be surmised not only from the originality but the independence of his character. He dazzled the world, without seeming to care for its praise or its censure—dazzled it, as it were, because he could not help shining. He had some strange notions, whether political or social, which rather frightened his father. According to Southey, “A man should be no more ashamed of having been a republican than of having been young.” Youth and extravagant opinions naturally go together. I don’t know whether Harley L’Estrange was a republican at the age of eighteen; but there was no young man in London who seemed to care less for being heir to an illustrious name and some forty or fifty thousand pounds a year. It was a vulgar fashion in that day to play the exclusive, and cut persons who wore bad neckcloths and called themselves Smith or Johnson. Lord L’Estrange never cut any one, and it was quite enough to slight some worthy man because of his neckcloth or his birth, to ensure to the offender the pointed civilities of this eccentric successor to the Dorimonts and the Wildairs.

It was the wish of his father that Harley, as soon as he came of age, should represent the borough of Lansmere, (which said borough was the single plague of the earl’s life.) But this wish was never realized. Suddenly, when the young idol of London still wanted some two or three years of his majority, a new whim appeared to seize him. He withdrew entirely from society—he left unanswered the most pressing three-cornered notes of inquiry and invitation that ever

strewed the table of a young Guardsman ; he was rarely seen anywhere in his former haunts—when seen, was either alone or with Egerton ; and his gay spirits seemed wholly to have left him. A profound melancholy was written in his countenance, and breathed in the listless tones of his voice. At this time the Guards were achieving in the peninsula their imperishable renown ; but the battalion to which Harley belonged was detained at home ; and, whether chafed by inaction or emulous of glory, the young lord suddenly exchanged into a cavalry regiment, from which a recent memorable conflict had swept one half the officers. Just before he joined, a vacancy happening to occur for the representation of Lansmere, he made it his special request to his father that the family interest might be given to his friend Egerton—went down to the park, which adjoined the borough, to take leave of his parents—and Egerton followed, to be introduced to the electors. This visit made a notable epoch in the history of many personages who figure in my narrative ; but at present I content myself with saying, that circumstances arose which, just as the canvass for the new election commenced, caused both L'Estrange and Audley to absent themselves from the scene of action, and that the last even wrote to Lord Lansmere expressing his intention of declining to contest the borough.

Fortunately for the parliamentary career of Audley Egerton, the election had become to Lord Lansmere not only a matter of public importance, but of personal feeling. He resolved that the battle should be fought out, even in the absence of the candidate, and at his own expense. Hitherto the contest for this distinguished borough had been, to use the language of Lord Lansmere, “conducted in the spirit of gentlemen”—that is to say, the only opponents to the Lansmere interest had been found in one or the other of two rival families in the same county ; and as the earl was a hospitable, courteous man, much respected and liked by the neighboring gentry, so the hostile candidate had always interlarded his speeches with profuse compliments to his lordship's high character, and civil expressions as to his lordship's candidate. But, thanks to successive elections, one of these two families had come to an end, and its actual representative was now residing within the rules of the bench ; the head of the other family was the sitting member, and, by an amicable agreement with the Lansmere interest, he remained as neutral as it is in the power of any sitting member to be amidst the passions of an intractable committee. Accordingly, it had been hoped that Egerton would come in without opposition, when, the very day on which he had abruptly left the place, a handbill, signed “Haverill Dashmore, Captain R. N., Baker street, Portman Square,” announced, in very spirited language, the intention of that gentleman to emancipate the borough from the unconstitutional domination of an oligarchical faction, not with a view to his own political aggrandizement—indeed, at great personal inconvenience—but actuated solely by abhorrence to tyranny, and patriotic passion for the purity of election.

This announcement was followed, within two hours, by the arrival of Captain Dashmore himself, in a carriage-and-four covered with yellow favors, and filled, inside and out, with harum-scarum looking friends who had come down with him to aid the canvass and share the fun.

Captain Dashmore was a thorough sailor, who

had, however, taken a disgust to the profession from the date in which a minister's nephew had been appointed to the command of a ship to which the captain considered himself unquestionably entitled. It is just to the minister to add, that Captain Dashmore had shown as little regard for orders from a distance, as had immortalized Nelson himself ; but then the disobedience had not achieved the same redeeming success as that of Nelson, and Captain Dashmore ought to have thought himself fortunate in escaping a severer treatment than the loss of promotion. But no man knows when he is well off ; and retiring on half-pay, just as he came into unexpected possession of some forty or fifty thousand pounds, bequeathed by a distant relative, Captain Dashmore was seized with a vindictive desire to enter Parliament, and inflict oratorical chastisement on the administration.

A very few hours sufficed to show the sea-captain to be a most capital electioneer for a small and not very enlightened borough. It is true that he talked the saddest nonsense ever heard from an open window ; but then his jokes were so broad, his manner so hearty, his voice so big, that in those dark days, before the schoolmaster was abroad, he would have beaten your philosophical radical and moralizing democrat hollow. Moreover, he kissed all the women, old and young, with the zest of a sailor who has known what it is to be three years at sea without sight of a beardless lip ; he threw open all the public houses, asked a numerous committee every day to dinner, and, chucking his purse up in the air, declared “he would stick to his guns while there was a shot in the locker.” Till then, there had been but little political difference between the candidate supported by Lord Lansmere's interest and the opposing parties—for country gentlemen, in those days, were pretty much of the same way of thinking, and the question had been really local—viz., whether the Lansmere interest should or should not prevail over that of the two squirearchical families who had alone, hitherto, ventured to oppose it. But though Captain Dashmore was really a very loyal man, and much too old a sailor to think that the state (which, according to established metaphor, is a vessel, *par excellence*) should admit Jack upon quarter-deck, yet, what with talking against lords and aristocracy, jobs and abuses, and searching through no very refined vocabulary for the strongest epithets to apply to those irritating nouns-substantive, his bile had got the better of his understanding, and he became fuddled, as it were, by his own eloquence. Thus, though as innocent of Jacobinical designs as he was incapable of setting the Thames on fire, you would have guessed him, by his speeches, to be one of the most determined incendiaries that ever applied a match to the combustible materials of a contested election ; while, being by no means accustomed to respect his adversaries, he could not have treated the Earl of Lansmere with less ceremony if his lordship had been a Frenchman. He usually designated that respectable nobleman by the title of “Old Pompous ;” and the mayor, who was never seen abroad but in top-boots, and the solicitor, who was of a large build, received from his irreverent wit the joint soubriquet of “Tops and bottoms !” Hence the election had now become, as I said before, a personal matter with my lord, and, indeed, with the great heads of the Lansmere interest. The earl seemed to consider his very coronet at stake in the question. “The man from Baker Street,” with

his preternatural audacity, appeared to him a being ominous and awful—not so much to be regarded with resentment, as with superstitious terror: he felt as felt the dignified Montezuma, when that ruffianly Cortez, with his handful of Spanish rascallions, bearded him in his own capital, and in the midst of his Mexican splendor. “The gods were menaced if man could be so insolent!” wherefore said my lord tremulously,—“The constitution is gone if the man from Baker street comes in for Lansmere!”

But in the absence of Audley Egerton, the election looked extremely ugly, and Captain Dashmore gained ground hourly, when the Lansmere solicitor happily bethought him of a notable proxy for the missing candidate. The Squire of Hazeldean, with his young wife, had been invited by the earl in honor of Audley; and in the squire the solicitor beheld the only mortal who could cope with the sea-captain—a man with a voice as burly, and a face as bold—a man who, if permitted for the nonce by Mrs. Hazeldean, would kiss all the women no less heartily than the captain kissed them; and who was, moreover, a taller, and a handsomer, and a younger man—all three, great recommendations in the kissing department of a contested election. Yes, to canvass the borough, and to speak from the window, Squire Hazeldean would be even more popularly presentable than the London-bred and accomplished Audley Egerton himself.

The squire, applied to and urged on all sides, at first said bluntly, “that he would do anything in reason to serve his brother, but that he did not like, for his own part, appearing, even in proxy, as a lord’s nominee; and, moreover, if he was to be a sponsor for his brother, why, he must promise and vow, in his name, to be stanch and true to the land they lived by; and how could he tell that Audley, when he once got into the House, would not forget the land, and then he, William Hazeldean, would be made a liar, and look like a turncoat!”

But these scruples being overruled by the arguments of the gentlemen and the entreaties of the ladies, who took in the election that intense interest which those gentle creatures usually do take in all matters of strife and contest, the squire at length consented to confront the man from Baker street, and went accordingly into the thing with that good heart and old English spirit with which he went into everything whereon he had once made up his mind.

The expectations formed of the squire’s capacities for popular electioneering were fully realized. He talked quite as much nonsense as Captain Dashmore on every subject except the landed interest;—there he was great, for he knew the subject well—knew it by the instinct that comes with practice, and compared to which all your showy theories are mere cobwebs and moonshine.

The agricultural outvoters—many of whom, not living under Lord Lansmere, but being small yeomen, had hitherto prided themselves on their independence, and gone against my lord—could not in their hearts go against one who was every inch the farmer’s friend. They began to share in the earl’s personal interest against the man from Baker street; and big fellows with legs bigger round than Captain Dashmore’s tight little body, and huge whips in their hands, were soon seen entering the shops, “intimidating the electors,” as Captain Dashmore indignantly declared.

These new recruits made a great difference in

the muster-roll of the Lansmere books; and when the day for polling arrived, the result was a fair question for even betting. At the last hour, after a neck-and-neck contest, Mr. Audley Egerton beat the captain by two votes. And the names of these voters were John Avenel, resident freeman, and his son-in-law, Mark Fairfield, an outvoter, who, though a Lansmere freeman, had settled in Hazeldean, where he had obtained the situation of head carpenter on the squire’s estate.

These votes were unexpected; for though Mark Fairfield had come to Lansmere on purpose to support the squire’s brother, and though the Avenels had been always stanch supporters of the Lansmere Blue interest, yet a severe affliction (as to the nature of which, not desiring to sadden the opening of my story, I am considerably silent) had befallen both these persons, and they had left the town on the very day after Lord L’Estrange and Mr. Egerton had quitted Lansmere Park.

Whatever might have been the gratification of the squire, as a canvasser and a brother, at Mr. Egerton’s triumph, it was much damped when, on leaving the dinner given in honor of the victory at the Lansmere Arms, and about, with no steady step, to enter the carriage which was to convey him to his lordship’s house, a letter was put into his hands by one of the gentlemen who had accompanied the captain to the scene of action; and the perusal of that letter, and a few whispered words from the bearer thereof, sent the squire back to Mr. Hazeldean a much soberer man than she had ventured to hope for. The fact was, that, on the day of nomination, the captain having honored Mr. Hazeldean with many poetical and figurative appellations—such as “Prize Ox,” “Tony Lumpkins,” “Blood-sucking Vampire,” and “Brotherly Warming-Pan,” the squire had retorted by a joke about “Salt-Water Jack;” and the captain, who, like all satirists, was extremely susceptible and thin-skinned, could not consent to be called “Salt-Water Jack” by a “Prize Ox” and a “Blood-sucking Vampire.” The letter, therefore, now conveyed to Mr. Hazeldean by a gentleman, who, being from the sister country, was deemed the most fitting accomplice in the honorable destruction of a brother mortal, contained nothing more nor less than an invitation to single combat; and the bearer thereof, with the suave politeness enjoined by etiquette on such well-bred homicidal occasions, suggested the expediency of appointing the place of meeting in the neighborhood of London, in order to prevent interference from the suspicious authorities of Lansmere.

The natives of some countries—the warlike French in particular—think little of that formal operation which goes by the name of DUELING. Indeed, they seem rather to like it than otherwise. But there is nothing your thorough-paced Englishman—a Hazeldean of Hazeldean—considers with more repugnance and aversion, than that same cold-blooded ceremonial. It is not within the range of an Englishman’s ordinary habits of thinking. He prefers going to law—a much more destructive proceeding of the two. Nevertheless, if an Englishman must fight, why, he will fight. He says “it is very foolish;” he is sure “it is most unchristianlike;” he agrees with all that philosopher, preacher, and press, have laid down on the subject; but he makes his will, says his prayers, and goes out, like a heathen!

It never, therefore, occurred to the squire to show the white feather upon this unpleasant occasion.

The next day, feigning excuse to attend the sale of a hunting stud at Tattersall's he ruefully went up to London, after taking a peculiarly affectionate leave of his wife. Indeed, the squire felt convinced that he should never return home except in a coffin. "It stands to reason," said he to himself, "that a man who has been actually paid by the king's government for shooting people ever since he was a little boy in a midshipman's jacket, must be a dead hand at the job. I should not mind if it was with double-barrelled Mantons and small shot; but, ball and pistol! they aren't human nor sportsmanlike!" However, the squire, after settling his worldly affairs, and hunting up an old college friend, who undertook to be his second, proceeded to a sequestered corner of Wimbledon common, and planted himself, not sideways, as one ought to do in such encounters, (the which posture the squire swore was an unmanly way of shirking,) but full front to the mouth of his adversary's pistol, with such sturdy composure, that Captain Dashmore, who, though an excellent shot, was at bottom as good-natured a fellow as ever lived, testified his admiration by letting off his gallant opponent with a ball in the fleshy part of the shoulder; after which he declared himself perfectly satisfied. The parties then shook hands, mutual apologies were exchanged, and the squire, much to his astonishment to find himself still alive, was conveyed to Limmer's Hotel, where, after a considerable amount of anguish, the ball was extracted and the wound healed. Now it was all over, the squire felt very much raised in his own conceit; and, when he was in a humor more than ordinarily fierce, that perilous event became a favorite allusion with him.

He considered, moreover, that his brother had incurred at his hand the most lasting obligations; and that, having procured Audley's return to Parliament, and defended his interests at the risk of his own life, he had an absolute right to dictate to that gentleman how to vote—upon all matters at least connected with the landed interest. And when, not very long after, Audley took his seat in Parliament, (which he did not do for some months,) he thought proper both to vote and to speak in a manner wholly belying the promise the squire had made on his behalf, Mr. Hazeldean wrote him such a trimmer, that it could not but produce an unconciliatory reply. Shortly afterwards, the squire's exasperation reached the culminating point; for, having to pass through Lansmere on a market day, he was hooted by the very farmers whom he had induced to vote for his brother; and, justly imputing the disgrace to Audley, he never heard the name of that traitor to the land mentioned without a heightened color and an indignant expletive. Monsieur de Ruqueville—who was the greatest wit of his day—had, like the squire, a half-brother with whom he was not on the best of terms, and of whom he always spoke as his "*frère de loin.*" Audley Egerton was thus Squire Hazeldean's "*distant-brother!*"—Enough of these explanatory antecedents—let us return to the Stocks.

CHAPTER XI.

THE squire's carpenters were taken from the park pales, and set to work at the parish stocks. Then came the painter and colored them a beautiful dark blue, with a white border—and a white rim round the holes—with an ornamental flourish in the middle. It was the gayest public edifice in the whole village—though the village possessed no less than three other monuments of the Vitruvian

genius of the Hazeldeans:—to wit, the almshouse the school, and the parish pump.

A more elegant, enticing, coquettish pair of stocks never gladdened the eye of a justice of the peace.

And Squire Hazeldean's eye was gladdened. In the pride of his heart he brought all the family down to look at the stocks. The squire's family (omitting the *frère de loin*) consisted of Mrs. Hazeldean, his wife; next, of Miss Jemima Hazeldean, his first cousin; thirdly, of Master Francis Hazeldean, his only son; and fourthly, of Captain Barnabas Higginbotham, a distant relation—who, indeed, strictly speaking, was not of the family, but only a visitor ten months in the year. Mrs. Hazeldean was every inch the lady—the lady of the parish. In her comely, florid, and somewhat sunburnt countenance, there was an equal expression of majesty and benevolence; she had a blue eye that invited liking, and an aquiline nose that commanded respect. Mrs. Hazeldean had no affectation of fine airs—no wish to be greater and handsomer and cleverer than she was. She knew herself, and her station, and thanked Heaven for it. There was about her speech and manner something of that shortness and bluntness which often characterize royalty; and if the lady of a parish is not a queen in her own circle, it is never the fault of the parish. Mrs. Hazeldean dressed her part to perfection. She wore silks that seemed heirlooms—so thick were they, so substantial and imposing. And over these, when she was in her own domain, the whitest of aprons; while at her waist was seen no fiddle-faddle *chatelaine*, with *breloques* and trumpery, but a good honest gold watch to mark the time, and a long pair of scissors to cut off the dead leaves from her flowers, for she was a great horticulturist. When occasion needed, Mrs. Hazeldean could, however, lay by her more sumptuous and imperial raiment for a stout riding-habit of blue Saxony, and canter by her husband's side to see the hounds throw off. Nay, on the days on which Mr. Hazeldean drove his famous fast-trotting cob to the market town, it was rarely that you did not see his wife on the left side of the gig. She cared as little as her lord did for wind and weather, and, in the midst of some pelting shower, her pleasant face peeped over the collar and capes of a stout dreadnought, expanding into smiles and bloom as some frank rose, that opens from its petals, and rejoices in the dews. It was easy to see that the worthy couple had married for love; they were as little apart as they could help it. And still, on the first of September, if the house was not full of company which demanded her cares, Mrs. Hazeldean "stepped out" over the stubbles by her husband's side, with as light a tread and as blithe an eye as when in the first bridal year she had enchanted the squire by her genial sympathy with his sports.

So there now stands Harriet Hazeldean, one hand leaning on the squire's broad shoulder, the other thrust into her apron, and trying her best to share her husband's enthusiasm for his own public-spirited patriotism, in the renovation of the parish stocks. A little behind, with two fingers leaning on the thin arm of Captain Barnabas, stood Miss Jemima, the orphan daughter of the squire's uncle, by a runaway imprudent marriage with a young lady who belonged to a family which had been at war with the Hazeldeans since the reign of Charles I., respecting a right of way to a small wood (or rather spring) of about an acre, through

a piece of furze land, which was let to a brick-maker at twelve shillings a year. The wood belonged to the Hazeldeans, the furze land to the Sticktorights (an old Saxon family if ever there was one.) Every twelfth year, when the fagots and timber were felled, this feud broke out afresh; for the Sticktorights refused to the Hazeldeans the right to cart off the said fagots and timber, through the only way by which a cart could possibly pass. It is just to the Hazeldeans to say that they had offered to buy the land at ten times its value. But the Sticktorights, with equal magnanimity, had declared that they would not "alienate the family property for the convenience of the best squire that ever stood upon shoe leather." Therefore, every twelfth year, there was always a great breach of the peace on the part of both Hazeldeans and Sticktorights, magistrates and deputy-lieutenants though they were. The question was fairly fought out by their respective dependants, and followed by various actions for assault and trespass. As the legal question of right was extremely obscure, it never had been properly decided; and, indeed, neither party wished it to be decided, each at heart having some doubt of the propriety of its own claim. A marriage between a younger son of the Hazeldeans, and a younger daughter of the Sticktorights, was viewed with equal indignation by both families; and the consequence had been that the runaway couple, unblissed and unforgiven, had scrambled through life as they could, upon the scanty pay of the husband, who was in a marching regiment, and the interest of £1000, which was the wife's fortune independent of her parents. They died and left an only daughter, upon whom the maternal £1000 had been settled, about the time that the squire came of age and into possession of his estates. And though he inherited all the ancestral hostility towards the Sticktorights, it was not in his nature to be unkind to a poor orphan, who was, after all, the child of a Hazeldean. Therefore, he had educated and fostered Jemima with as much tenderness as if she had been his sister; put out her £1000 at nurse, and devoted, from the ready money which had accrued from the rents during his minority, as much as made her fortune (with her own accumulated at compound interest) no less than £4000, the ordinary marriage portion of the daughters of Hazeldean. On her coming of age, he transferred this sum to her absolute disposal, in order that she might feel herself independent, see a little more of the world than she could at Hazeldean, have candidates to choose from if she deigned to marry; or enough to live upon if she chose to remain single. Miss Jemima had somewhat availed herself of this liberty, by occasional visits to Cheltenham and other watering places. But her grateful affection to the squire was such, that she could never bear to be long away from the hall. And this was the more praise to her heart, inasmuch as she was far from taking kindly to the prospect of being an old maid. And there were so few bachelors in the neighborhood of Hazeldean, that she could not but have that prospect before her eyes whenever she looked out of the hall windows. Miss Jemima was indeed one of the most kindly and affectionate of beings feminine—and if she disliked the thought of single blessedness, it really was from those innocent and womanly instincts towards the tender charities of hearth and home, without which a lady, however otherwise estimable, is little better than a Minerva in bronze. But whether or not, despite

her fortune and her face, which last, though not strictly handsome, was pleasing—and would have been positively pretty if she had laughed more often, (for when she laughed, there appeared three charming dimples, invisible when she was grave)—whether or not, I say, it was the fault of our insensibility or her own fastidiousness, Miss Jemima approached her thirtieth year, and was still Miss Jemima. Now, therefore, that beautifying laugh of hers was very rarely heard, and she had of late become confirmed in two opinions, not at all conducive to laughter. One was a conviction of the general and progressive wickedness of the male sex, and the other was a decided and lugubrious belief that the world was coming to an end. Miss Jemima was now accompanied by a small canine favorite, true Blenheim, with a snub nose. It was advanced in life and somewhat obese. It sat on its haunches, with its tongue out of its mouth, except when it snapped at the flies. There was a strong Platonic friendship between Miss Jemima and Captain Barnabas Higginbotham; for he too was unmarried, and he had the same ill opinion of your sex, my dear madam, that Miss Jemima had of ours. The captain was a man of a slim and elegant figure;—the less said about the face the better; a truth of which the captain himself was sensible, for it was a favorite maxim of his—"that in a man, everything is a slight, gentlemanlike figure." Captain Barnabas did not absolutely deny that the world was coming to an end, only he thought it would last his time.

Quite apart from all the rest, with the nonchalant survey of virgin dandyism, Francis Hazeldean looked over one of the high-starched neckcloths which were then the fashion—a handsome lad, fresh from Eton for the summer holidays, but at that ambiguous age, when one despairs the sports of the boy, and has not yet arrived at the resources of the man.

"I should be glad, Frank," said the squire, suddenly turning round to his son, "to see you take a little more interest in duties which, one day or other, you may be called upon to discharge. I can't bear to think that the property should fall into the hands of a fine gentleman, who will let things go to rack and ruin, instead of keeping them up as I do."

And the squire pointed to the stocks.

Master Frank's eye followed the direction of the cane, as well as his cravat would permit; and he said, drily—

"Yes, sir; but how came the stocks to be so long out of repair?"

"Because one can't see to everything at once," retorted the squire, tartly. "When a man has got eight thousand acres to look after, he must do a bit at a time."

"Yes," said Captain Barnabas. "I know that by experience."

"The deuce you do!" cried the squire, bluntly. "Experience in eight thousand acres!"

"No—in my apartments in the Albany. No. 3 A. I have had them ten years, and it was only last Christmas that I bought my Japan cat."

"Dear me," said Miss Jemima; "a Japan cat! that must be very curious! What sort of a creature is it?"

"Don't you know? Bless me, a thing with three legs, and holds toast! I never thought of it, I assure you, till my friend Cosey said to me, one morning when he was breakfasting at my rooms—'Higginbotham, how is it that you, who like to

have things comfortable about you, don't have a cat?" "Upon my life," said I, "one can't think of everything at a time;" just like you, Squire."

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Hazeldean, gruffly—"not at all like me. And I'll thank you another time, Cousin Higginbotham, not to put me out, when I'm speaking on matters of importance; poking your cat into my stocks! They look something like now—don't they, Harry? I declare that the whole village seems more respectable. It is astonishing how much a little improvement adds to the—to the—"

"Charm of a landscape," put in Miss Jemima sentimentally.

The squire neither accepted nor rejected the suggested termination; but, leaving his sentence uncompleted, broke suddenly off with

"And if I had listened to Parson Dale—"

"You would have done a very wise thing," said a voice behind, as the parson presented himself in the rear.

"Wise thing! Why surely, Mr. Dale," said Mrs. Hazeldean with spirit, for she always resented the least contradiction to her lord and master, perhaps as an interference with her own special right and prerogative, "why, surely, if it is necessary to have stocks, it is necessary to repair them."

"That's right, go it, Harry!" cried the squire, chuckling, and rubbing his hands as if he had been setting his terrier at the parson: "St—St—at him! Well, Master Dale, what do you say to that?"

"My dear ma'am," said the parson, replying in preference to the lady, "there are many institutions in the country which are very old, look very decayed, and don't seem of much use; but I would not pull them down for all that."

"You would reform them, then," said Mrs. Hazeldean, doubtfully, and with a look at her husband, as much as to say, "He is on politics now—that's your business."

"No, I would not, ma'am," said the parson stoutly.

"What on earth would you do, then?" quoth the squire.

"Just let 'em alone," said the parson. "Master Frank, there's a Latin maxim which was often in the mouth of Sir Robert Walpole, and which they ought to put into the Eton grammar—' *Quiesca non movere.*' If things are quiet, let them be quiet! I would not destroy the stocks, because that might seem to the ill-disposed like a license to offend, and I would not repair the stocks, because that puts it into people's heads to get into them."

The squire was a stanch politician of the old school, and he did not like to think that in repairing the stocks he had perhaps been conniving at revolutionary principles.

"This constant desire of innovation," said Miss Jemima, suddenly mounting the more funereal of her two favorite hobbies, "is one of the great symptoms of the approaching crash. We are altering, and mending, and reforming, when in twenty years at the utmost the world itself may be destroyed!" The fair speaker paused, and—

Captain Barnabas said, thoughtfully—"Twenty years!—the insurance offices rarely compute the best life at more than fourteen." He struck his hand on the stocks as he spoke, and added with his usual consolatory conclusion:—"The odds are, that it will last our time, squire."

But whether Captain Barnabas meant the stocks

or the world, he did not clearly explain, and no one took the trouble to inquire.

"Sir," said Master Frank, to his father, with that furtive spirit of quizzing, which he had acquired amongst other polite accomplishments at Eton—"Sir, it is no use now considering whether the stocks should or should not have been repaired. The only question is, whom will you get to put into them?"

"True," said the squire, with much gravity.

"Yes, there it is!" said the parson, mournfully. "If you would but learn '*non quiesca movere!*'"

"Don't spout your Latin at me, parson!" cried the squire, angrily; "I can give you as good as you bring any day.

*Propria quæ maribus tri buuntur mascula dicas.—
As in presenti, perfectum format in avi.*

"There," added the squire, turning triumphantly towards his Harry, who looked with great admiration at this unprecedented burst of learning on the part of Mr. Hazeldean—"There, two can play at that game! And now that we have all seen the stocks, we may as well go home, and drink tea. Will you come up and play a rubber, Dale? No!—hang it, man, I've not offended you—you know my ways."

"That I do, and they are among the things I would not have altered," cried the parson—holding out his hand cheerfully. The squire gave it a hearty shake, and Mrs. Hazeldean hastened to do the same. "Do come; I am afraid we've been very rude; we are sad blunt folks. Do come; that's a dear good man; and of course poor Mrs. Dale too." Mrs. Hazeldean's favorite epithet for Mrs. Dale was *poor*, and that for reasons to be explained hereafter.

"I fear my wife has got one of her bad headaches, but I will give her your kind message, and at all events you may depend upon me."

"That's right," cried the squire, "in half-an-hour, eh?—How d'ye do, my little man?" as Lenny Fairfield, on his way home from some errand in the village, drew aside and pulled off his hat with both hands. "Stop—you see those stocks—eh? Tell all the bad little boys in the parish to take care how they get into them—a sad disgrace—you'll never be in such a quandary!"

"That at least I will answer for," said the parson.

"And I too," added Mrs. Hazeldean, patting the boy's curly head. "Tell your mother I shall come and have a good chat with her to-morrow evening."

And so the party passed on, and Lenny stood still on the road, staring hard at the stocks, which stared back at him from its four great eyes.

But Lenny did not remain long alone. As soon as the great folks had fairly disappeared, a large number of small folks emerged timorously from the neighboring cottages, and approached the site of the stocks with much marvel, fear, and curiosity.

In fact, the renovated appearance of this monster—*à propos de bottes*, as one may say—had already excited considerable sensation among the population of Hazeldean. And even as when an unexpected owl makes his appearance in broad daylight, all the little birds rise from tree and hedge-row, and cluster round their ominous enemy, so now gathered all the much excited villagers round the intrusive and portentous phenomenon.

"D'ye know what the diggins the squire did it

for, Gaffer Solomons?" asked one many-childed matron, with a baby in arms, an urchin of three years old clinging fast to her petticoat, and her hand maternally holding back a more adventurous hero of six, who had a great desire to thrust his head into one of the grisly apertures. All eyes turned to a sage old man, the oracle of the village, who, leaning both hands on his crutch, shook his head bodingly.

"Maw be," said Gaffer Solomons, "some of the boys ha' been robbing the orchards."

"Orchards!"—cried a big lad who seemed to think himself personally appealed to—"why, the bud's scarce off the trees yet!"

"No more it in't!" said the dame with many children, and she breathed more freely.

"Maw be," said Gaffer Solomons, "some o' ye has been sitting snares."

"What for?" said a stout, sullen-looking young fellow, whom conscience possibly pricked to reply. "What for, when it beant the season? And if a poor man did find a hear in his pocket i' the haytime, I should like to know if ever a squire in the world would let um off wi' the stocks—eh?"

That last question seemed a settler, and the wisdom of Gaffer Solomons went down fifty per cent. in the public opinion of Hazeldean.

"Maw be," said the Gaffer, this time with a thrilling effect, which restored his reputation—"Maw be some o' ye ha' been getting drunk, and making beestises o' yoursels!"

There was a dead pause, for this suggestion applied too generally to be met with a solitary response. At last one of the women said, with a meaning glance at her husband, "God bless the squire; he'll make some on us happy women if that's all!"

There then arose an almost unanimous murmur of approbation among the female part of the audience; and the men looked at each other, and then at the phenomenon, with a very hang-dog expression of countenance.

"Or, maw be," resumed Gaffer Solomons, encouraged to a fourth suggestion by the success of its predecessor—"Maw be some o' the Misses ha' been making a rumpus, and scolding their goodmen. I heard say in my granfeythir's time, that arter old Mother Bang nigh died o' the ducking-stool, them 'ere stocks were first made for the women, out o' compassion like! And every one knows the squire is a kind-hearted man, God bless un!"

"God bless un!" cried the men heartily; and they gathered lovingly round the phenomenon, like heathens of old round a tutelary temple. But then rose one shrill clamor among the females, as they retreated with involuntary steps towards the verge of the green, whence they glared at Solomons and the phenomenon with eyes so sparkling, and pointed at both with gestures so menacing, that Heaven only knows if a morsel of either would have remained much longer to offend the eyes of the justly enraged matronage of Hazeldean, if fortunately Master Stirn, the squire's right-hand man, had not come up in the nick of time.

Master Stirn was a formidable personage—more formidable than the squire himself—as, indeed, a squire's right-hand is generally more formidable than the head can pretend to be. He inspired the greater awe, because, like the stocks, of which he was deputed guardian, his powers were undefined and obscure, and he had no particular place in the out-of-door establishment. He was not the stew-

ard, yet he did much of what ought to be the steward's work; he was not the farm-bailiff, for the squire called himself his own farm-bailiff; nevertheless, Mr. Hazeldean sowed and ploughed, cropped and stocked, bought and sold, very much as Mr. Stirn condescended to advise. He was not the park-keeper, for he neither shot the deer nor superintended the preserves; but it was he who always found out who had broken a park-pale or snared a rabbit. In short, what may be called all the harsher duties of a large landed proprietor devolved by custom and choice upon Mr. Stirn. If a laborer was to be discharged, or a rent enforced, and the squire knew that he should be talked over, and that the steward would be as soft as himself, Mr. Stirn was sure to be the avenging *ayres* or messenger, to pronounce the words of fate; so that he appeared to the inhabitants of Hazeldean like the poet's *Seva Necessitas*, a vague incarnation of remorseless power, armed with whips, nails, and wedges. The very brute creation stood in awe of Mr. Stirn. The calves knew that it was he who singled out which should be sold to the butcher, and huddled up into a corner with beating hearts at his grim footstep; the sow grunted, the duck quacked, the hen bristled her feathers and called to her chicks when Mr. Stirn drew near. Nature had set her stamp upon him. Indeed, it may be questioned whether the great M. de Chambray himself, surnamed the Brave, had an aspect so awe-inspiring as that of Mr. Stirn; albeit the face of that hero was so terrible that a man who had been his lackey, seeing his portrait after he had been dead twenty years, fell a trembling all over like a leaf!

"And what the plague are you all doing here?" said Mr. Stirn, as he waved and smacked a great cart-whip which he held in his hand, "making such a hullabaloo, you women, you! that I suspect the squire will be sending out to know if the village is on fire. Go home, will ye? High time indeed to have the stocks ready, when you get squalling and conspiring under the very nose of a justice of the peace, just as the French Revolutioners did afore they cut off their king's head; my hair stands on end to look at ye!" But already, before half this address was delivered, the crowd had dispersed in all directions—the women still keeping together, and the men sneaking off towards the ale-house. Such was the beneficent effect of the fatal stocks on the first day of their resuscitation!

However, in the break up of every crowd there must be always some one who gets off the last; and it so happened that our friend Lenny Fairfield who had mechanically approached close to the stocks, the better to hear the oracular opinions of Gaffer Solomons, had no less mechanically, on the abrupt appearance of Mr. Stirn, crept, as he hoped, out of sight, behind the trunk of the elm tree which partially shaded the stocks; and there now, as if fascinated, he still cowered, not daring to emerge in full view of Mr. Stirn, and in immediate reach of the cart-whip—when the quick eye of the right-hand man detected his retreat.

"Hallo, you sir—what the deuce, laying a mine to blow up the stocks! just like Guy Fox and the Gunpowder Plot, I declares! What ha' you got in your villainous little fist there?"

"Nothing, sir," said Lenny, opening his palm.

"Nothing—um!" said Mr. Stirn much dissatisfied; and then, as he gazed more deliberately, recognizing the pattern boy of the village, a cloud yet darker gathered over his brow; for Mr. Stirn,

who valued himself much on his learning—and who, indeed, by dint of more knowledge as well as more wit than his neighbors, had attained his present eminent station in life—was extremely anxious that his only son should also be a scholar; that wish,

The gods dispersed in empty air.

Master Stirn was a notable dunce at the parson's school, while Lenny Fairfield was the pride and boast of it; therefore Mr. Stirn was naturally, and almost justifiably, ill-disposed towards Lenny Fairfield, who had appropriated to himself the praises which Mr. Stirn had designed for his son.

"Um!" said the right-hand man, glowering on Lenny malignantly, "you are the pattern boy of the village, are you? Very well, sir—then I put these here stocks under your care—and you'll keep off the other boys from sitting on 'em, and picking off the paint, and playing three holes and chuck farthing, as I declare they've been a-doing, just in front of the elevation. Now you knows your 'sponsibilities, little boy—and a great honor they are too, for the like o' you. If any damage be done, it is to you I shall look; d'ye understand? and that's what the squire says to me. So you sees what it is to be a pattern boy, Master Lenny!"

With that Mr. Stirn gave a loud crack of the cart-whip, by way of military honors, over the head of the vicegerent he had thus created, and strode off to pay a visit to two young unsuspecting pups, whose ears and tails he had graciously promised their proprietor to crop that evening. Nor, albeit few charges could be more obnoxious than that of deputy governor or *chargé d'affaires extraordinaire* to the Parish Stocks, nor one more likely to render Lenny Fairfield odious to his contemporaries, ought he to have been insensible to the signal advantage of his condition over that of the two sufferers, against whose ears and tails Mr. Stirn had no especial motives of resentment. To every bad there is a worse—and fortunately for little boys, and even for grown men, whom the Stirns of the world regard malignly, the majesty of law protects their ears, and the merciful forethought of nature deprived their remote ancestors of the privilege of entailing tails upon them. Had it been otherwise—considering what handles tails would have given to the oppressor, how many traps envy would have laid for them, how often they must have been scratched and mutilated by the briars of life, how many good excuses would have been found for lopping, docking, and trimming them—I fear that only the lap-dogs of fortune would have gone to the grave tail-whole.

CHAPTER XII.

THE card-table was set out in the drawing-room at Hazeldean Hall; though the little party were still lingering in the deep recess of the large bay window—which (in itself of dimensions that would have swallowed up a moderate-sized London parlor) held the great round tea-table, with all appliances and means to boot—for the beautiful summer moon shed on the sward so silvery a lustre, and the trees cast so quiet a shadow, and the flowers and new-mown hay sent up so grateful a perfume, that, to close the windows, draw the curtains, and call for other lights than those of heaven, would have been an abuse of the prose of life which even Captain Barnabas, who regarded whist as the business of town and the holiday of the country,

shrank from suggesting. Without, the scene, held by the clear moonlight, had the beauty peculiar to the garden ground round those old-fashioned country residences which, though a little modernized, still preserve their original character: the velvet lawn, studded with large plots of flowers, shaded and scented here to the left by lilacs, laburnums, and rich seringas—there, to the right, giving glimpses, over low-clipped yews, of a green bowling alley, with the white columns of a summer-house built after the Dutch taste, in the reign of William III.; and in front—stealing away under covert of those still cedars, into the wilder landscape of the well-wooded, undulating park. Within, viewed by the placid glimmer of the moon, the scene was no less characteristic of the abodes of that race which has no parallel in other lands, and which, alas, is somewhat losing its native idiosyncrasies in this—the stout country gentleman, not the fine gentleman of the country—the country gentleman somewhat softened and civilized from the mere sportsman or farmer, but still plain and homely, relinquishing the old hall for the drawing-room, and with books not three months' old on his table, instead of *Fox's Martyrs* and *Baker's Chronicle*—yet still retaining many a sacred old prejudice, that, like the knots in his native oak, rather adds to the ornament of the grain than takes from the strength of the tree. Opposite to the window, the high chimney-piece rose to the heavy cornice of the ceiling, with dark panels glistening against the moonlight. The broad and rather clumsy chintz sofas and settees of the reign of George III., contrasted at intervals with the tall-backed chairs of a far more distant generation, when ladies in fardings, and gentlemen in trunkhose, seem never to have indulged in horizontal positions. The walls, of shining wainscot, were thickly covered, chiefly with family pictures; though now and then some Dutch fair, or battle-piece, showed that a former proprietor had been less exclusive in his taste for the arts. The pianoforte stood open near the fireplace; a long dwarf bookcase, at the far end, added its sober smile to the room. That bookcase contained what was called "The Lady's Library," a collection commenced by the squire's grandmother, of pious memory, and completed by his mother, who had more taste for the lighter letters, with but little addition from the bibliomaniac tendencies of the present Mrs. Hazeldean—who, being no great reader, contented herself with subscribing to the Book Club. In this feminine Bodleian, the sermons collected by Mrs. Hazeldean, the grandmother, stood cheek-by-jowl beside the novels purchased by Mrs. Hazeldean, the mother.

Mixtaque ridenti fundet colocasia acantho!

But to be sure the novels, in spite of very inflammatory titles, such as "Fatal Sensibility," "Errors of the Heart," &c., were so harmless that I doubt if the sermons could have had much to say against their next-door neighbors—and that is all that can be expected by the best of us.

A parrot dozing on his perch—some gold fish fast asleep in their glass bowl—two or three dogs on the rug, and Flimsey, Miss Jemima's spaniel, curled into a ball on the softest sofa—Mrs. Hazeldean's work-table, rather in disorder, as if it had been lately used—the *St. James' Chronicle* dangling down from a little tripod near the squire's arm-chair—a high screen of gilt and stamped leather fencing off the card-table; all these, dispersed about a room large enough to hold them all

and not seem crowded, offered many a pleasant resting-place for the eye, when it turned from the world of nature to the home of man.

But see, Captain Barnabas, fortified by his fourth cup of tea, has at length summoned courage to whisper to Mrs. Hazeldean, "Don't you think the parson will be impatient for his rubber?" Mrs. Hazeldean glanced at the parson, and smiled; but she gave the signal to the captain, and the bell was rung, lights were brought in, the curtains let down; in a few moments more the group had collected round the card-tables. "The best of us are but human—that is not a new truth, I confess, but yet people forget it every day of their lives—and I dare say there are many who are charitably thinking at this very moment, that my parson ought not to be playing at whist. All I can say to those rigid disciplinarians is, "Every man has his favorite sin: whist was Parson Dale's!—ladies and gentlemen, what is yours?" In truth, I must not set up my poor parson, now-a-days, as a pattern parson—it is enough to have one pattern in a village no bigger than Hazeldean, and we all know that Lenny Fairfield has bespoken that place—and got the patronage of the stocks for his emoluments! Parson Dale was ordained, not indeed so very long ago, but still at a time when churchmen took it a great deal more easily than they do now. The elderly parson of that day played his rubber as a matter of course, the middle-aged parson was sometimes seen riding to cover, (I knew a schoolmaster, a doctor of divinity, and an excellent man, whose pupils were chiefly taken from the highest families in England, who hunted regularly three times a-week during the season,) and the young parson would often sing a capital song—not composed by David—and join in those rotatory dances which certainly David never danced before the ark.

Does it need so long a prolegomenon to excuse thee, poor Parson Dale, for turning up that ace of spades with so triumphant a smile at thy partner? I must own that nothing that well could add to the parson's offence was wanting. In the first place, he did not play charitably, and merely to oblige other people. He delighted in the game—he rejoiced in the game—his whole heart was in the game—neither was he indifferent to the mammon of the thing, as a Christian pastor ought to have been. He looked very sad when he took his shillings out of his purse, and exceedingly pleased when he put the shillings that had just before belonged to other people into it. Finally, by one of those arrangements common with married people, who play at the same table, Mr. and Mrs. Hazeldean were invariably partners, and no two people could play worse; while Captain Barnabas, who had played at Graham's with honor and profit, necessarily became partner to Parson Dale, who himself played a good steady parsonic game. So that, in strict truth, it was hardly fair play—it was almost swindling—the combination of these two great dons against that innocent married couple! Mr. Dale, it is true, was aware of this disproportion of force, and had often proposed either to change partners or to give odds, propositions always scornfully scouted by the squire and his lady; so that the parson was obliged to pocket his conscience, together with the ten points which made his average winnings.

The strangest thing in the world is the different way in which whist affects the temper. It is no test of temper, as some pretend—not at all! The best-tempered people in the world grow snappish

at whist; and I have seen the most testy and peevish in the ordinary affairs of life bear their losses with the stoicism of Epictetus. This was notably manifested in the contrast between the present adversaries of the hall and the rectory. The squire, who was esteemed as choleric a gentleman as most in the county, was the best-humored fellow you could imagine when you set him down to whist opposite the sunny face of his wife. You never heard one of these incorrigible blunderers scold each other; on the contrary, they only laughed when they threw away the game, with four by honors in their hands. The utmost that was ever said was a "Well, Harry, that was the oddest trump of yours. Ho—ho—ho!" or a "Bless me, Hazeldean—why, they made three tricks, and you had the ace in your hand all the time! Ha—ha—ha!"

Upon which occasions Captain Barnabas, with great good humor, always echoed both the squire's ho—ho—ho! and Mrs. Hazeldean's ha—ha—ha!

Not so the parson. He had so keen and sportsmanlike an interest in the game, that even his adversaries' mistakes ruffled him. And you would hear him, with elevated voice and agitated gestures, laying down the law, quoting Hoyle, appealing to all the powers of memory and common sense against the very delinquencies by which he was enriched—a waste of eloquence that always heightened the hilarity of Mr. and Mrs. Hazeldean. While these four were thus engaged, Mrs. Dale, who had come with her husband, despite her headache, sat on the sofa beside Miss Jemima, or rather beside Miss Jemima's Flimsey, which had already secured the centre of the sofa, and snarled at the very idea of being disturbed. And Master Frank—at a table by himself—was employed sometimes in looking at his pumps, and sometimes at Gilray's caricatures, with which his mother had provided him for his intellectual requirements. Mrs. Dale, in her heart, liked Miss Jemima better than Mrs. Hazeldean, of whom she was rather in awe, notwithstanding they had been little girls together, and occasionally still called each other Harry and Carry. But those tender diminutives belonged to the "dear" genus, and were rarely employed by the ladies, except at those times when—had they been little girls still, and the governess out of the way—they would have slapped and pinched each other. Mrs. Dale was still a very pretty woman, as Mrs. Hazeldean was still a very fine woman. Mrs. Dale painted in water colors and sang, and made card-racks and pen-holders, and was called an "elegant accomplished woman." Mrs. Hazeldean cast up the squire's accounts, wrote the best part of his letters, kept a large establishment in excellent order, and was called "a clever, sensible woman." Mrs. Dale had headaches and nerves, Mrs. Hazeldean had neither nerves nor headaches. Mrs. Dale said, "Harry had no real harm in her, but was certainly very masculine." Mrs. Hazeldean said, "Carry would be a good creature, but for her airs and graces." Mrs. Dale said Mrs. Hazeldean was "just made to be a country squire's lady." Mrs. Hazeldean said, "Mrs. Dale was the last person in the world who ought to have been a parson's wife." Carry, when she spoke of Harry to a third person, said, "Dear Mrs. Hazeldean." Harry, when she referred incidentally to Carry, said, "Poor Mrs. Dale." And now the reader knows why Mrs. Hazeldean called Mrs. Dale "poor," at least as well as I do. For, after all, the word belonged to that class in the

female vocabulary which may be called "obscure significants," resembling the Konx Ompax, which hath so puzzled inquirers into the Eleusinian Mysteries; the application is rather to be illustrated than the meaning to be exactly explained.

"That's really a sweet little dog of yours, Jemima," said Mrs. Dale, who was embroidering the word *Caroline* on the border of a cambric pocket-handkerchief, but edging a little further off, as she added, "he'll not bite, will he?" "Dear me, no!" said Miss Jemima; but (she added, in a confidential whisper,) "don't say *he*—it is a lady dog!" "Oh," said Mrs. Dale, edging off still further, as if that confession of the creature's sex did not serve to allay her apprehensions—"oh, then, you carry your aversion to the gentlemen even to lapdogs—that is being consistent indeed, Jemima!"

Miss Jemima. "I had a gentleman dog once—a pug!—they are getting very scarce now. I thought he was so fond of me—he snapped at every one else;—the battles I fought for him! Well, will you believe—I had been staying with my friend Miss Smilecox at Cheltenham. Knowing that William is so hasty, and his boots are so thick, I trembled to think what a kick might do. So, on coming here, I left Buff—that was his name—with Miss Smilecox." (A pause.)

Mrs. Dale, looking up languidly. "Well, my love."

Miss Jemima. "Will you believe it, I say, when I returned to Cheltenham, only three months afterwards, Miss Smilecox had seduced his affections from me, and the ungrateful creature did not even know me again. A pug, too—yet people say pugs are faithful!!! I am sure they ought to be, nasty things. I have never had a gentleman dog since—they are all alike, believe me—heartless, selfish creatures."

Mrs. Dale.—"Pugs! I dare say they are!"

Miss Jemima, with spirit. "Men!—I told you it was a gentleman dog!"

Mrs. Dale, apologetically. "True, my love, but the whole thing was so mixed up!"

Miss Jemima. "You saw that cold-blooded case of Breach of Promise of Marriage in the papers—an old wretch, too, of sixty-four. No age makes them a bit better. And when one thinks that the end of all flesh is approaching, and that—"

Mrs. Dale, quickly, for she prefers Miss Jemima's other hobby to that black one upon which she is preparing to precede the bier of the universe. "Yes, my love, we'll avoid that subject, if you please. Mr. Dale has his own opinions, and it becomes me, you know, as a parson's wife," (said smilingly; Mrs. Dale has as pretty a dimple as any of Miss Jemima's, and makes more of that one than Miss Jemima of three,) "to agree with him—that is, in theology."

Miss Jemima, earnestly. "But the thing is so clear, if you would but look into—"

Mrs. Dale, putting her hand on Miss Jemima's lips playfully. "Not a word more. Pray; what do you think of the squire's tenant at the Casino, Signor Riccabocca? An interesting creature, is not he?"

Miss Jemima. "Interesting! Not to me. Interesting! Why is he interesting?"

Mrs. Dale is silent, and turns her handkerchief in her pretty little white hands, appearing to contemplate the R in *Caroline*.

Miss Jemima, half pettishly, half coaxingly.

"Why is he interesting? I scarcely ever looked at him; they say he smokes and never eats. Ugly, too!"

Mrs. Dale. "Ugly—no. A fine head—very like Dante's—but what is beauty?"

Miss Jemima. "Very true; what is it, indeed? Yes, as you say, I think there is something interesting about him; he looks melancholy, but that may be because he is poor."

Mrs. Dale. "It is astonishing how little one feels poverty when one loves. Charles and I were very poor once—before the squire—" Mrs. Dale paused, looked towards the squire, and murmured a blessing, the warmth of which brought tears into her eyes. "Yes," she added, after a pause, "we were very poor, but we were happy even then, more thanks to Charles than to me," and tears from a new source again dimmed those quick, lively eyes, as the little woman gazed fondly on her husband, whose brows were knit into a black frown over a bad hand.

Miss Jemima. "It is only those horrid men who think of money as a source of happiness. I should be the last person to esteem a gentleman less because he was poor."

Mrs. Dale. "I wonder the squire does not ask Signor Riccabocca here more often. Such an acquisition we find him!"

The squire's voice from the card table. "Whom ought I to ask more often, Mrs. Dale?"

Parson's voice impatiently. "Come—come—come, squire; play to my queen of diamonds—do!"

Squire. "There, I trump it—pick up the trick, Mrs. H."

Parson. "Stop! stop! trump my diamond!"

The captain, solemnly. "Trick turned—play on, squire."

Squire. "The king of diamonds."

Mrs. Hazeldean. "Lord! Hazeldean—why, that's the most barefaced revoke—ha—ha—ha! trump the queen of diamonds and play out the king! well I never—ha—ha—ha!"

Captain Barnabas, in tenor. "Ha, ha, ha!"

Squire. "And so I have, bless my soul—ho, ho, ho!"

Captain Barnabas, in base. "Ho—ho—ho!"

Parson's voice raised, but drowned by the laughter of his adversaries and the firm clear tone of Captain Barnabas:—"Three to our score!—game!"

Squire, wiping his eyes. "No help for it, Harry—deal for me! Whom ought I to ask, Mrs. Dale? (waxing angry.) First time I ever heard the hospitality of Hazeldean called in question!"

Mrs. Dale. "My dear sir, I beg a thousand pardons, but listeners—you know the proverb."

Squire, growling like a bear. "I hear nothing but proverbs ever since we have had that mounseer among us. Please to speak plainly, marm."

Mrs. Dale, sliding into a little temper at being thus roughly accosted. "It was of mounseer, as you call him, that I spoke, Mr. Hazeldean."

Squire. "What! Rickeybockey!"

Mrs. Dale, attempting the pure Italian accentuation.—"Signor Riccabocca."

Parson, slapping his cards on the table in despair.—"Are we playing at whist, or are we not?"

The squire, who is fourth player, drops the king to Captain Higginbotham's lead of the ace of hearts. Now, the captain has left queen, knave, and two other hearts—four trumps to the queen and nothing

to win a trick with in the two other suits. This hand is, therefore, precisely one of those in which, especially after the fall of that king of hearts in the adversary's hand, it becomes a matter of reasonable doubt whether to lead trumps or not. The captain hesitates, and, not liking to play out his good hearts with the certainty of their being trumped by the squire, nor, on the other hand, liking to open the other suits in which he has not a card that can assist his partner, resolves, as becomes a military man, in such dilemma, to make a bold push and lead out trumps, in the chance of finding his partner strong, and so bringing in his long suit.

Squire, taking advantage of the much meditating pause made by the captain. "Mrs. Dale, it is not my fault. I have asked Rickeybockey—time out of mind. But I suppose I am not fine enough for those foreign chaps—he won't come—that's all I know!"

Parson, aghast at seeing the captain play out trumps, of which he, Mr. Dale, has only two, wherewith he expects to ruff the suit of spades, of which he has only one, (the cards all falling in suits,) while he has not a single other chance of a trick in his hand. "Really, squire, we had better give up playing if you put out my partner in this extraordinary way—jabber—jabber—jabber!"

Squire. "Well, we must be good children, Harry. What!—trumps, Barney! Thank ye for that!" And the squire might well be grateful, for the unfortunate adversary has led up to ace king knave—with two other trumps. *Squire* takes the parson's ten with his knave, and plays out ace king; then, having cleared all the trumps except the captain's queen and his own remaining two, leads off tierce major in that very suit of spades of which the parson has only one—and the captain, indeed, but two—forces out the captain's queen, and wins the game in a canter.

Parson, with a look at the captain which might have become the awful brows of Jove, when about to thunder. "That, I suppose, is the new-fashioned London play! In my time the rule was, 'First save the game, then try to win it.'"

Captain. "Could not save it, sir."

Parson, exploding. "Not save it!—two ruffs in my own hand—two tricks certain till you took them out! Monstrous! The rashest trump"—Seizes the cards—spreads them on the table, lip quivering, hands trembling—tries to show how five tricks could have been gained—(N. B. it is *short* whist, which Captain Barnabas had introduced at the Hall)—can't make out more than four—captain smiles triumphantly—parson in a passion, and not at all convinced, mixes all the cards together again, and, falling back in his chair, groans, with tears in his voice.—"The cruellest trump! the most wanton cruelty!"

The Hazeldeans in chorus. "Ho—ho—ho! Ha—ha—ha!"

The captain, who does not laugh this time, and whose turn it is to deal, shuffles the cards for the conquering game of the rubber with as much caution and prolixity as Fabius might have employed in posting his men. The squire gets up to stretch his legs, and, the insinuation against his hospitality recurring to his thoughts, calls out to his wife— "Write to Rickeybockey to-morrow yourself, Harry, and ask him to come and spend two or three days here. There, Mrs. Dale, you hear me?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Dale, putting her hands to her ears in implied rebuke at the loudness of the

squire's tone. "My dear sir, do remember that I'm a sad nervous creature."

"Beg pardon," muttered Mr. Hazeldean, turning to his son, who, having got tired of the caricatures, had fished out for himself the great folio County History, which was the only book in the library that the squire much valued, and which he usually kept under lock and key, in his study, together with the field-books and steward's accounts, but which he had reluctantly taken into the drawing-room that day, in order to oblige Captain Higginbotham. For the Higginbothams—an old Saxon family, as the name evidently denotes—had once possessed lands in that very county. And the captain, during his visits to Hazeldean Hall, was regularly in the habit of asking to look into the County History, for the purpose of refreshing his eyes, and renovating his sense of ancestral dignity with the following paragraph therein:—"To the left of the village of Dundar, and pleasantly situated in a hollow, lies Botham Hall, the residence of the ancient family of Higginbotham, as it is now commonly called. Yet it appears by the county rolls, and sundry old deeds, that the family formerly styled itself Higges, till, the Manor House lying in Botham, they gradually assumed the appellation of Higges-in-botham, and, in process of time, yielding to the corruptions of the vulgar, Higginbotham."

"What, Frank! my County History!" cried the squire. "Mrs. H. he has got my County History!"

"Well, Hazeldean, it is time he should know something about the county."

"Ay, and history too," said Mrs. Dale, malevolently—for the little temper was by no means blown over.

Frank. "I'll not hurt it, I assure you, sir. But I'm very much interested just at present."

The *Captain*, putting down the cards to cut—"You've got hold of that passage about Botham Hall, page 706, eh?"

Frank. "No; I was trying to make out how far it is to Mr. Leslie's place, Rood Hall. Do you know, mother?"

Mrs. Hazeldean. "I can't say I do. The Leslies don't mix with the county; and Rood lies very much out of the way."

Frank. "Why don't they mix with the county?"

Mrs. Hazeldean. "I believe they are poor, and therefore I suppose they are proud; they are an old family."

Parson, thrumming on the table with great impatience. "Old fiddledee!—talking of old families when the cards have been shuffled this half hour!"

Captain Barnabas. "Will you cut for your partner, ma'am?"

Squire, who has been listening to Frank's inquiries with a musing air. "Why do you want to know the distance to Rood Hall?"

Frank, rather hesitatingly. "Because Randal Leslie is there for the holidays, sir."

Parson. "Your wife has cut for you, Mr. Hazeldean. I don't think it was quite fair; and my partner has turned up a deuce—deuce of hearts. Please to come and play, if you mean to play."

The squire returns to the table, and in a few minutes the game is decided by a dexterous finesse of the captain against the Hazeldeans. The clock strikes ten; the servants enter with a tray; the squire counts up his own and his wife's losings;

and the captain and parson divide sixteen shillings between them.

Squire. "There, parson, I hope now you'll be in a better humor. You win enough out of us to set up a coach-and-four."

"Tut!" muttered the parson: "at the end of the year, I'm not a penny the richer for it all."

And, indeed, monstrous as that assertion seemed, it was perfectly true, for the parson portioned out his gains into three divisions. One third he gave to Mrs. Dale, for her own special pocket money; what became of the second third he never owned, even to his better half—but certain it was, that every time the parson won seven and sixpence, half a crown, which nobody could account for, found its way to the poor box; while the remaining third, the parson, it is true, openly and avowedly retained: but I have no manner of doubt that, at the year's end, it got to the poor quite as safely as if it had been put into the box.

The party had now gathered round the tray, and were helping themselves to wine and water, or wine without water—except Frank, who still remained poring over the map in the County History, with his head leaning on his hands, and his fingers plunged in his hair.

"Frank," said Mrs. Hazeldean, "I never saw you so studious before."

Frank started up, and colored, as if ashamed of being accused of too much study in anything.

The *Squire*, with a little embarrassment in his voice. "Pray, Frank, what do you know of Randal Leslie?"

"Why, sir, he is at Eton."

"What sort of a boy is he?" asked Mrs. Hazeldean.

Frank hesitated, as if reflecting, and then answered—"They say he is the cleverest boy in the school. But then he saps."

"In other words," said Mr. Dale, with proper parsonic gravity, "he understands that he was sent to school to learn his lessons, and he learns them. You call that sapping—I call it doing his duty. But pray who and what is this Randal Leslie, that you look so discomposed, squire?"

"Who and what is he?" repeated the squire, in a low growl. "Why, you know, Mr. Audley Egerton married Miss Leslie, the great heiress; and this boy is a relation of hers. I may say," added the squire, "that he is as near a relation of mine, for his grandmother was a Hazeldean. But all I know about the Leslies is, that Mr. Egerton, as I am told, having no children of his own, took up young Randal, (when his wife died, poor woman,) pays for his schooling, and has, I suppose, adopted the boy as his heir. Quite welcome. Frank and I want nothing from Mr. Audley Egerton, thank Heaven."

"I can well believe in your brother's generosity to his wife's kindred," said the parson sturdily, "for I am sure Mr. Egerton is a man of strong feeling."

"What the deuce do you know about Mr. Egerton? I don't suppose you could ever have even spoken to him."

"Yes," said the parson, coloring up, and looking confused, "I had some conversation with him once;" and observing the squire's surprise, he added—"when I was curate at Lansmere—and about a painful business connected with the family of one of my parishioners."

"O! one of your parishioners at Lansmere—one of the constituents Mr. Audley Egerton threw

over, after all the pains I had taken to get him his seat. Rather odd you should never have mentioned this before, Mr. Dale?"

"My dear sir," said the parson, sinking his voice, and in a mild tone of conciliatory expostulation, "you are so irritable whenever Mr. Egerton's name is mentioned at all."

"Irritable!" exclaimed the squire, whose wrath had been long simmering, and now fairly boiled over. "Irritable, sir! I should think so: a man for whom I stood godfather at the hustings, Mr. Dale! a man for whose sake I was called a 'prize ox,' Mr. Dale! a man for whom I was hissed in a market-place, Mr. Dale! a man for whom I was shot at, in cold blood, by an officer in his majesty's service, who lodged a ball in my right shoulder, Mr. Dale! a man who had the ingratitude, after all this, to turn his back on the landed interest—to deny that there was any agricultural distress in a year which broke three of the best farmers I ever had, Mr. Dale!—a man, sir, who made a speech on the currency which was complimented by Ricardo, a Jew! Good heavens! a pretty parson you are, to stand up for a fellow complimented by a Jew! Nice ideas you must have of Christianity. Irritable, sir!" now fairly roared the squire, adding to the thunder of his voice the cloud of a brow, which evinced a menacing ferocity that might have done honor to Bussy d'Amboise or Fighting Fitzgerald. "Sir, if that man had not been my own half-brother, I'd have called him out. I have stood my ground before now. I have had a ball in my right shoulder. Sir, I'd have called him out."

"Mr. Hazeldean! Mr. Hazeldean! I'm shocked at you," cried the parson; and, putting his lips close to the squire's ear, he went on in a whisper—"What an example to your son! You'll have him fighting duels one of these days, and nobody to blame but yourself."

This warning cooled Mr. Hazeldean; and muttering, "Why the deuce did you set me off!" he fell back into his chair, and began to fan himself with his pocket handkerchief.

The parson skilfully and remorselessly pursued the advantage he had gained. "And now, that you may have it in your power to show civility and kindness to a boy whom Mr. Egerton has taken up, out of respect to his wife's memory—a kinsman, you say, of your own—and who has never offended you—a boy whose diligence in his studies proves him to be an excellent companion to your son;—Frank," (here the parson raised his voice,) "I suppose you wanted to call on young Leslie, as you were studying the county map so attentively?"

"Why, yes," answered Frank, rather timidly, "if my father did not object to it. Leslie has been very kind to me, though he is in the sixth form, and, indeed, almost the head of the school."

"Ah," said Mrs. Hazeldean, "one studious boy has a fellow-feeling for another; and though you enjoy your holidays, Frank, I am sure you read hard at school."

Mrs. Dale opened her eyes very wide, and stared in astonishment.

Mrs. Hazeldean retorted that look with great animation. "Yes, Carry," said she, tossing her head, "though *you* may not think Frank clever, his masters find him so. He got a prize last half. That beautiful book, Frank—hold up your head, my love—what did you get it for?"

Frank, reluctantly. "Verses, ma'am."

Mrs. Hazeldean, with triumph. "Verses!—there, Carry, verses!"

Frank, in a hurried tone. "Yes, but Leslie wrote them for me."

Mrs. Hazeldean, recoiling. "O Frank! a prize for what another did for you—that was mean."

Frank, ingenuously. "You can't be more ashamed, mother, than I was when they gave me the prize."

Mrs. Dale, though previously provoked at being snubbed by Harry, now showing the triumph of generosity over temper. "I beg your pardon, Frank. Your mother must be as proud of that shame as she was of the prize."

Mrs. Hazeldean puts her arm round Frank's neck, smiles beamingly on Mrs. Dale, and converses with her son in a low tone about Randal Leslie. Miss Jemima now approached Carry, and said in an "aside"—"But we are forgetting poor Mr. Riccabocca. Mrs. Hazeldean, though the dearest creature in the world, has such a blunt way of inviting people—don't you think if you were to say a word to him, Carry!"

Mrs. Dale kindly, as she wraps her shawl round her. "Suppose you write the note yourself. Meanwhile, I shall see him, no doubt."

Parson, putting his hand on the squire's shoulder. "You forgive my impertinence, my kind friend. We parsons, you know, are apt to take strange liberties, when we honor and love folks, as I do you."

"Pish!" said the squire, but his hearty smile came to his lips in spite of himself—"You always get your own way, and I suppose Frank must ride over and see this pet of my—"

"Brother's," quoth the parson, concluding the sentence in a tone which gave to the sweet word so sweet a sound that the squire would not correct the parson, as he had been about to correct himself.

Mr. Dale moved on; but as he passed Captain Barnabas, the benignant character of his countenance changed sadly.

"The cruellest trump, Captain Higginbotham!" said he sternly, and stalked by—majestic.

The night was so fine that the parson and his wife, as they walked home, made a little *détour* through the shrubbery.

Mrs. Dale. "I think I have done a good piece of work to-night."

Parson, rousing himself from a reverie. "Have you, Carry!—it will be a very pretty handkerchief."

Mrs. Dale. "Handkerchief!—nonsense, dear. Don't you think it would be a very happy thing for both, if Jemima and Signor Riccabocca could be brought together?"

Parson. "Brought together!"

Mrs. Dale. "You do snap one up so, my dear—I mean if I could make a match of it."

Parson.—"I think Riccabocca is a match already, not only for Jemima, but yourself into the bargain."

Mrs. Dale, smiling loftily. "Well, we shall see. Was not Jemima's fortune about £4000?"

Parson dreamily, for he is relapsing fast into his interrupted reverie. "Ay—ay—I daresay."

Mrs. Dale. "And she must have saved! I dare say it is nearly £6000 by this time;—eh! Charles dear, you really are so—good gracious! what's that?"

As Mrs. Dale made this exclamation, they had just emerged from the shrubbery, into the village green.

Parson. "What's what?"

Mrs. Dale pinching her husband's arm very nippingly. "That thing—there—there."

Parson. "Only the new stocks, Carry; I don't wonder they frighten you, for you are a very sensible woman. I only wish they would frighten the squire."

CHAPTER XIII.

Supposed to be a letter from Mrs. Hazeldean to — Riccabocca, Esq., The Casino; but edited, and indeed composed, by Miss Jemima Hazeldean.

"DEAR SIR,—To a feeling heart it must always be painful to give pain to another, and (though I am sure unconsciously) you have given the greatest pain to poor Mr. Hazeldean and myself, indeed to all our little circle, in so cruelly refusing our attempts to become better acquainted with a gentleman we so highly esteem. Do, pray, dear sir, make us the *amende honorable*, and give us the pleasure of your company for a few days at the Hall! May we expect you Saturday next?—our dinner hour is six o'clock.

"With the best compliments of Mr. and Miss Jemima Hazeldean,

"Believe me, my dear Sir,

"Yours truly,

"H. H.

"HAZELDEAN HALL."

Miss Jemima, having carefully sealed this note, which Mrs. Hazeldean had very willingly deputed her to write, took it herself into the stable-yard, in order to give the groom proper instructions to wait for an answer. But while she was speaking to the man, Frank, equipped for riding with more than his usual dandyism, came also into the yard, calling for his pony in a loud voice, and, singling out the very groom whom Miss Jemima was addressing—for, indeed, he was the smartest of all in the squire's stables—told him to saddle the gray pad, and accompany the pony.

"No, Frank," said Miss Jemima, "you can't have George; your father wants him to go on a message—you can take Mat."

"Mat, indeed!" said Frank, grumbling with some reason; for Mat was a surly old fellow, who contrived to have a great patch in his boots; besides, he called Frank "Master," and obstinately refused to trot down hill; "Mat, indeed!—let Mat take the message, and George go with me."

But Miss Jemima had also her reasons for rejecting Mat. Mat's foible was not servility, and he always showed true English independence in all houses where he was not invited to take his ale in the servants' hall. Mat might offend Signor Riccabocca, and spoil all. An animated altercation ensued, in the midst of which the squire and his wife entered the yard, with the intention of driving in the conjugal gig to the market town. The matter was referred to the natural umpire by both the contending parties.

The squire looked with great contempt on his son. "And what do you want a groom at all for? Are you afraid of tumbling off the pony?"

Frank. "No, sir; but I like to go as a gentleman, when I pay a visit to a gentleman!"

Squire, in high wrath.—"You precious puppy! I think I'm as good a gentleman as you, any day, and I should like to know when you ever saw me ride to call on a neighbor, with a fellow jingling at my heels, like that upstart Ned Spankie, whose

father kept a cotton-mill. First time I ever heard of a Hazeldean thinking a livery-coat was necessary to prove his gentility!"

Mrs. Hazeldean, observing Frank coloring, and about to reply. "Hush, Frank, never answer your father—and you are going to call on Mr. Leslie!"

"Yes, ma'am, and I am very much obliged to my father for letting me," said Frank, taking the squire's hand.

"Well, but Frank," continued *Mrs. Hazeldean*, "I think you heard that the *Leslies* were very poor."

Frank. "Eh, mother?"

Mrs. Hazeldean. "And would you run the chance of wounding the pride of a gentleman, as well born as yourself, by affecting any show of being richer than he is?"

Squire, with great admiration. "Harry, I'd give £10 to have said that!"

Frank, leaving the squire's hand to take his mother's. "You're quite right, mother—nothing could be more *snobbish*!"

Squire. "Give us your fist too, sir; you'll be a chip of the old block, after all."

Frank smiled, and walked off to his pony.

Mrs. Hazeldean to *Miss Jemima*. "Is that the note you were to write for me?"

Miss Jemima. "Yes, I supposed you did not

care about seeing it, so I have sealed it, and given it to George."

Mrs. Hazeldean. "But Frank will pass close by the Casino on his way to the *Leslies*'. It may be more civil if he leaves the note himself."

Miss Jemima hesitatingly. "Do you think so?"

Mrs. Hazeldean. "Yes, certainly. Frank—Frank—as you pass by the Casino, call on Mr. Riccabocca, give this note, and say we shall be heartily glad if he will come."

Frank nods.

"Stop a bit," cried the squire. "If Rickey-bocky's at home, 'tis ten to one if he don't ask you to take a glass of wine! If he does, mind, 'tis worse than asking you to take a turn on the rack. Faugh! you remember, Harry?—I thought it was all up with me."

"Yes," cried *Mrs. Hazeldean*, "for Heaven's sake, not a drop! Wine, indeed!"

"Don't talk of it," cried the squire, making a wry face.

"I'll take care, sir!" said *Frank*, laughing as he disappeared within the stable, followed by *Miss Jemima*, who now coaxingly makes it up with him, and does not leave off her admonitions to be extremely polite to the poor foreign gentleman, till *Frank* gets his foot into the stirrup; and the pony, who knows whom he has got to deal with, gives a preparatory plunge or two, and then darts out of the yard.

"**BURY ME IN THE GARDEN.**"—There was sorrow there, and tears were in every eye; and there were low, half-suppressed sobs heard from every corner of the room; but the little sufferer was still; its young spirit was just on the verge of departure. The mother was bending over it in all the speechless yearnings of maternal love, with one arm under its pillow, and, with the other, unconsciously drawing the little dying girl closer and closer to her bosom. Poor thing! in the bright and dewy morning it had followed out behind its father into the field; and, while he was there engaged in his labor, it had patted around among the meadow flowers, and had stuck its bosom full, all its burnished tresses, with carmine and lily-tinted things; and, returning tired to its father's side, he had lifted it upon the loaded cart; but a stone in the road had shaken it from its seat, and the ponderous, iron-rimmed wheels had ground it down into the very cart path—and the little crushed creature was dying.

We had all gathered up closely to its bed-side, and were hanging over the young one, to see if it yet breathed, when a slight movement came over its lips, and its eyes partly opened. There was no voice, but there was something beneath its eyelids which a mother could alone interpret. Its lips trembled again, and we all held our breath—its eyes opened a little further, and then we heard the departing spirit whisper in that ear which touched those ashy lips: "Mother! mother! don't let them carry me away down to the dark, cold graveyard, but bury me in the garden—in the garden, mother."

A little sister, whose eyes were raining down with the melting of the heart, had crept up to the bed-side, and, taking up the hand of the dying girl, sobbed aloud in its ear,—"Julia! Julia! can't you speak to *Antoinette*?"

The last fluttering pulsation of expiring nature struggled hard to enable that little spirit to utter

one more wish and a word of affection; its soul was on its lips as it whispered again: "Bury me in the garden, mother—bury me in the—" and a quivering came over its limbs—one feeble struggle, and all was still.—*Burritt*.

From the *Asiatic Journal*.

A HOME SCENE.

A WIFE WAITING FOR HER HUSBAND.

THE noonday sun has set, and still she stands,
(The oft read letter rustling in her hands,)
Gazing aslant along the gloomy'ring lane,
Her prest lip breathing on the clouded pane;
The evening shadows darken round—and—see!
With misty lantern twinkling through the tree,
The ponderous wagon rolls its weight along,
Cheered by rude gladness of a rustic song,
High in the air the swinging canvass flows,
Brushing the twilight foliage as it goes;
Now deep'ning fast as on attentive ear,
Up the green path a shadowy step draws near;
And winds he now beneath those branches dim?
No; other cottage-faces look for him;
And other cottage-ears his steps await;
Hark! down yon field rebounds his garden gate.
Sadly she shuts again the parlor door,
And, through the parted shutter, on the floor,
The pallid rays of autumn moonlight fall,
And the quick fire-light flickers on the wall.
Now pensive, in the chair, she thinks awhile
O'er the fond parting sweetness of his smile;
Now to the window goes, and now returns;
And now hope dies away, and now it burns.
In vain with book she soothes the hour of grief,
Startled by every rustle of the leaf—
O joyous sound!—her tearful vigil past—
The threshold echoes now—he comes at last!

From the Transcript.

GRIZZLY BEARS IN CALIFORNIA.

THERE are great numbers of western men in the mines, whose iron constitutions and habits of life well adapt them to gold digging. The majority of them are "dead shots" with the rifle, and regard with contempt the Yankee, with his nicely finished fowling-piece. Bear and deer are their game, and a party, encamped near us, brought in, during one week, ten of the latter. Two of this party left their camp, to hunt deer, a few weeks since. They became separated, and wandered in, towards evening, from opposite directions, to our cabins. They were both *six-footers*, clothed in buckskin, wore long, flowing hair, and, as they moved, displayed muscles that would do yeoman's service in a bear fight. One accosted the other:

"Dog on it! Whar did you come in?" "Come in! Down yunder ravine." "Have you seed anything?" "Yes; I drew on a buck, and dropped him." (Here he showed the heart and liver of the animal, which he intended for that night's supper.) "Waal; what did you dew with the critter?" "Dew! I clumb a tree with him, about fifteen feet, jist to keep off the *grisleys* till mornin'."

"Grizzlys," as they are familiarly called here, are getting much too numerous for safety, where not one in ten of the people are capable of hunting or killing them. A great many cits from New York or Boston keep their rifles nicely rubbed and in perfect order; and some of them, doubtless, (thanks to the numerous shooting galleries at home,) are tolerably expert marksmen. But generally it is only your experienced frontier men who can venture to attack the grisley bear. I would rather trust to the mercy of a Bengal tiger, than to one of these shaggy monsters, when wounded or pinched with hunger. Many stories are told of them, nearly all exaggerated, and improving by travel. You may think that, after this, they will not decrease in magnitude on their way to your sanctum; I have half a mind to drop the subject, and leave you to glean what information you can from other sources. But Bruin must not be slighted.

Besides several skins, with the murderous claws attached, which may be seen in this vicinity, I know, within the range of my peregrination, of more than twenty bears, some of them of great size, which have been killed. Enough bear yarns, for which one has only to pay by being a good listener, might be collected in a few months to make a very interesting volume. They might sound like Munchausenisms; but, believe me, no tiger hunt in the jungles of India has more excitement in it, than when one of these ferocious beasts, wounded and maddened with pain, rushes on his assailants, tearing and mangling all within his reach, and earnestly entreating the entire party, in the key of G terrible, to come and be killed. They are frequently taken weighing twelve hundred pounds, and one was killed, a few weeks since, on the Merced river, weighing fifteen hundred pounds! So you see they are a much more formidable beast than the redoubtable black bear of the Rocky Mountains, which, I believe, seldom reaches six hundred pounds in weight.

Bear tracks are frequently seen in the creek near our camp; but, until last night, they have never ventured to give us a call. I shall close my letter by giving you a description of what occurred last

night, about twenty yards from our cabin, much too near to make sleeping comfortable. They utter a sound, when disturbed in their retreats, resembling a growl and a snort together. It is gravely stated that they bury themselves, during the winter, in some retired cavern, and suck their paws for nourishment; but the numbers that were tracked and killed among the snows of the coast-range, last winter, prove that this is not their custom, at least in this country.

The native Californians have a method of fighting them, which, if the horseman is expert with the *lariat*, seems to be the surest and speediest way of despatching them. The alarm being given that bears are near, he mounts his best horse, and, looking to his saddle-gear and riatta, sallies forth with his rifle slung across the shoulders of his horse. Upon seeing the bear, he rides towards him, swinging his *lariat*, made of closely braided strips of green hide, and watching his opportunity to swing it over the head of the savage creature.

Bruin, somewhat surprised at such temerity, stands at bay, winking his small, twinkling eyes, and closely watching the movements of the horse, who is sufficiently aware of his danger to keep on the alert, and yet so well trained as to answer every movement of the rider's hand. At first, the bear stands on all fours, with his head down, much like a hog manoeuvring to rush by his pursuers; but, at the first throw of the *lariat*, he rises, and, squatting on his hind feet, knocks away the coil with his paws as fast as it is thrown; frequently running at the horse, who as often eludes him, while the rider endeavors to draw him into the open field, by retreating and appearing to be off his guard.

At last, however, the coil glides over the head of the bear; and the horse, taught from a long experience at throwing bullocks, that his safety depends upon keeping this limit between him and the monster tightly strained, regards his adversary with staring eyes and dilated nostrils, and constantly accommodates himself to every movement of the bear. Sometimes Bruin, enraged at being thus unexpectedly taken in, rushes upon them, gnashing his great jaws, and tearing up the earth in his fury; but the wary horse and rider back nimbly away, and are as ready to follow him if he retreats.

The horseman, who has all this time endeavored to draw the enemy towards the nearest tree, awaits his chance, and, drawing toward the bear, coils up the *riatta* in his hand as he approaches, and, with a sudden jerk, throws the bight over a limb, and then, turning tail, urges his horse out into the plain, who, tugging with might and main, drags the unwieldy creature first under the limb, and then forces him on to his hind feet, where, half hung and half standing, he presents a fair target. The horseman, trusting to the sagacity of his animal, who hangs back with all his strength, makes use of his trusty rifle, and soon terminates the affair. It is considered unsafe to fire at these bears, unless from the crotch of a small tree, or from the saddle, as they often walk away with half a dozen rifle balls. Woe to the hunter who fires upon one beyond the reach of some friendly tree!

In our passage up the San Joaquin, which we made in a whale-boat, last winter, we stopped at a small settlement on the river, called San Joaquin City. Here we saw a man dying, who had that day been rescued from the hug of a grizzly bear. He was literally torn to pieces. One arm was nearly bitten off, the face disfigured, and the whole

body mutilated too horribly to relate. A party had left the camp early that morning to track an unusually large bear. Losing the track at the river, they had separated, and this man, coming suddenly upon the bear, imprudently fired his rifle. His shouts and cries brought the rest of the party up in time to see him thrusting the rifle down the mouth of the animal, and immediately struggling in his mighty grasp. We saw the skin and quarters of the bear, which they had just completed dressing. There was no surgeon within miles of the place, even if medical aid could have availed anything. Two tents and a log cabin composed the settlement. The rain was pouring down mercilessly, and leaking through the roof upon the dying man. A dismal place, thought I, to end one's days in, and in such a manner!

From Miss Cooper's "Rural Hours."

CHASE OF A FAWN.

A PRETTY little fawn had been brought in very young from the woods, and nursed and petted by a lady in the village until it had become as tame as possible. It was graceful, as those little creatures always are, and so gentle and playful that it became a great favorite, following the different members of the family about, caressed by the neighbors, and welcome everywhere.

One morning, after gambolling about as usual until weary, it threw itself down in the sunshine, at the feet of one of its friends, upon the steps of a store. There came along a countryman, who for several years had been a hunter by pursuit, and who still kept several dogs; one of the hounds came with him to the village on this occasion. The dog, as it approached the spot where the fawn lay, suddenly stopped; the little animal saw him and darted to its feet. It had lived more than half its life among the dogs of the village, and had apparently lost all fear of them; but it seemed now to know instinctively that an enemy was at hand. In an instant a change came over it; and the gentleman who related the incident, and who was standing by at the moment, observed that he had never in his life seen a finer sight than the sudden arousing of instinct in that beautiful creature.

In a second its whole character and appearance seemed changed, all its past habits were forgotten, every wild impulse was awake; its head erect, its nostrils dilated, its eye flashing. In another instant, before the spectators had thought of the danger, before its friends could secure it, the fawn was leaping wildly through the street, and the hound in full pursuit. The bystanders were eager to save it; several persons instantly followed its track, the friends who had long fed and fondled it, calling the name it had hitherto known, but in vain.

The hunter endeavored to whistle back his dog, but with no better success. In half a minute the fawn had turned the first corner, dashed onward toward the lake, and thrown itself into the water. But if for a moment the startled creature believed itself safe in the cool bosom of the lake, it was soon undeceived; the hound followed in hot and eager chase, while a dozen village dogs joined blindly in the pursuit.

Quite a crowd collected on the bank, men, women, and children, anxious for the fate of the little animal known to them all; some threw themselves into boats, hoping to intercept the hound before he reached his prey; but the plashing of the oars, the eager voices of the men and boys, and the barking

of the dogs, must have filled the beating heart of the poor fawn with terror and anguish, as though every creature on the spot where it had once been caressed and fondled had suddenly turned into a deadly foe.

It was soon seen that the little animal was directing its course across a bay toward the nearest borders of the forest, and immediately the owner of the hound crossed the bridge, running at full speed in the same direction, hoping to stop his dog as he landed. On the fawn swam, as it never swam before, its delicate head scarcely seen above the water, but leaving a disturbed track, which betrayed its course alike to anxious friends and fierce enemies. As it approached the land the exciting interest became intense. The hunter was already on the same line of shore, calling loudly and angrily to his dog, but the animal seemed to have quite forgotten his master's voice in the pitiless pursuit. The fawn touched the land—in one leap it had crossed the narrow line of beach, and in another instant it would reach the cover of the woods. The hound followed, true to the scent, aiming at the same spot on the shore; his master, anxious to meet him, had run at full speed, and was now coming up at the most critical moment; would the dog hearken to his voice, or could the hunter reach him in time to seize and control him? A shout from the village bank proclaimed that the fawn had passed out of sight into the forest; at the same instant, the hound, as he touched the land, felt the hunter's strong arm clutching his neck. The worst was believed to be over; the fawn was leaping up the mountain-side, and its enemy under restraint. The other dogs, seeing their leader cowed, were easily managed. A number of persons, men and boys, dispersed themselves through the wood in search of the little creature, but without success; they all returned to the village, reporting that the animal had not been seen by them. Some persons thought that after its fright had passed over, it would return of its own accord. It had worn a pretty collar, with its owner's name engraved upon it, so that it could be easily known from any other fawn that might be straying about the woods.

Before many hours had passed, a hunter presented himself to the lady whose pet the little creature had been, and, showing a collar with her name upon it, said that he had been out in the woods, and saw a fawn in the distance; the little animal, instead of bounding away as he had expected, moved toward him; he took aim, fired, and shot it to the heart. When he found the collar about its neck he was very sorry that he had killed it. And so the poor little thing died; one would have thought that terrible chase would have made it afraid of man; but no, it forgot the evil and remembered the kindness only, and came to meet as a friend the hunter who shot it. It was long mourned by its best friend.

JENNY LIND.

THE following sketch of Jenny Lind, from the pen of Hans Christian Andersen, is copied from his work, entitled the "True Story of my Life:"—

Let us now go back to the year 1840. One day in my hotel at Copenhagen, I saw the name Jenny Lind among those of the Swedish strangers. That same year I had been in the neighboring country, and had been received with much honor and kindness. It would not, therefore, be an unbecoming

thing on my part were I to visit the young artist. At this time she was almost entirely unknown out of Sweden; even in Copenhagen her name was known to but few. She received me with great courtesy, but distantly and coldly. She was, as she said, on a journey with her father to South Sweden, and was merely come over to Copenhagen to see the city. We shortly after separated, and I had the impression left upon me of a very ordinary character. It soon, however, passed away, and I had forgotten Jenny Lind.

In the autumn of 1845 Jenny Lind again came to Copenhagen. Boumonville, the ballet master, one of my friends, had married a Swedish lady, a friend of the fair singer. He informed me of her arrival, and told me that she remembered me very kindly, and had now read most of my writings. He entreated me to go with him and make a call upon her. I did so. I was no longer received as a stranger. She cordially extended her hand. She spoke of my writings, and of her friend Miss Fredrika Bremer. The conversation then turned upon her appearance in Copenhagen.

"I have never made my appearance out of Sweden," said she. "Everybody in my own land is so affectionate and loving to me. If I made my appearance here, and should be hissed! I dare not venture on it."

I said that I, it was true, could not pass judgment upon her, having never heard her sing; but that, nevertheless, I felt convinced that such was then the disposition in Copenhagen, that she was certain to be successful. Boumonville's persuasion eventually gained for the Copenhageners the greatest enjoyment they ever had. Jenny made her first appearance in the part of *Alice*. It was a new revelation in the realms of art. The fresh young voice found its way into every heart. Here truth and nature reigned. Everything was full of meaning and intelligence. At one concert she sung her Swedish songs. They were so peculiar and so bewitching, that, uttered by such a purely feminine being, they exercised an omnipotent sway. The whole of Copenhagen was enraptured.

The first artist to whom the Danish students gave a serenade was Jenny Lind. Torches blazed around the villa where the serenade was given. She came out and expressed her thanks by singing one of her Swedish songs. I saw her then hasten into the darkest corner of the room we were in and weep for emotion. "Yes, yes," she said, "I will exert myself. You shall see that I will be better qualified when I again visit Copenhagen." On the stage she is the great artist who rises above all that are around her. In her own chamber, she is a young and sensitive girl, possessed with all the humility and piety of a child. In Copenhagen her advent made an epoch in the history of our opera. She showed our art in all its sanctity. I had beheld one of its vestals. She returned to Stockholm. Thence Fredrika Bremer wrote to me—"We are both of us agreed as to Jenny Lind as a singer. She stands as high as any artist of our time well can stand. But as yet you do not know her in her real greatness. Speak to her of her art, and you will wonder at the expansion of her mind. Her countenance is lighted with inspiration. Converse with her upon God, and of the holiness of religion, tears will spring from those innocent eyes. She is a great artist, but she is still greater in the pure humanity of her existence."

Indeed, nothing can lessen the impression made by Jenny Lind's greatness on the stage, save her

personal character in her own home. Her intelligent and child-like disposition here exercises a singular power. She is happy, belonging no longer to the world. Yet she loves art with her whole soul. She feels her vocation. Her noble and pious disposition cannot be spoiled by homage. On one occasion only, in my hearing, did she express her joy and self-consciousness in her talent. It was during her last stay in Copenhagen. Every evening she appeared either at the concerts or in opera. She heard of a society, the object of which was to take unfortunate children out of the hands of their parents, by whom they were compelled to beg or steal, and place them in better circumstances. Benevolent people subscribed annually for their support, yet the means for this excellent purpose were but small. "I have an evening disengaged," said she, "I will give a performance for these poor children, but we must have double prices." Such a performance was given, and returned large proceeds. When she heard the amount, her countenance lit up, and tears filled her eyes. "It is, however, beautiful," said she, "that I can sing so."

JENNY LIND.—Our memory is still, and long will be, vocal with her unforgotten notes; and particularly with her execution of Handel's masterpiece—"I know that my Redeemer liveth." To hear her performance was like listening to a most solemn confession of faith from all the pious dead who are sleeping in Jesus. In listening to those strains, one might well have said to her, even thanking Shelley for the words,

My soul is an enchanted boat
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing;
And thine doth like an angel sit
Beside the helm conducting it,
While all the winds with melody are ringing.

Puritan Recorder.

THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.—America exists to reproach and reform the world. There is a Providence in these things. The rough and ready republicans expand themselves over a universe; the Union has just been enlarged by territories as large as Europe, and already the new state of California exports half a million of gold a month, and prepares to open a steam communication with China and Japan. The Pacific becomes the highway of nations, and enterprises unheard of approach maturity, while the mind of the ancient world is absorbed on the miserable subjects of divine right and sectarian controversy. The majesty of civilization and commerce brightens regions rich and vast, while Europe pauses to parley with idiot legitimists and ancient nonentities. The republic of America bid for the mastery of the universe, and will achieve it. We could dispute ascendancy with them, but will we? China has again snubbed us—we sought to be polite by condoling with the new emperor on the death of the old one, and sent a ship of war to give dignity to the message. The ship could not reach Pekin for want of water, and, profiting by our miscalculation, the authorities declined to accept our civility, and the attempt to recommend ourselves failed; but, perhaps, we gained a little nautical and geographical knowledge, which we wanted. The Yankees, by-and-by, will deal differently with the brother of the sun and moon.—*Liverpool Journal.*

WILD SPORTS IN AFRICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

SIR,—On reading your review of Mr. Cumming's work on South Africa I cannot refrain from offering a few remarks in his defence, trusting that the spirit of justice which so eminently distinguishes your journal will induce you to insert them. I may probably be at present the only person in England who has gone over a great part of the deserts and hunting grounds spoken of by Mr. Cumming, and I therefore feel it almost a duty to bear witness to the truth of such part of his statements as I can, and this the more readily as I am a total stranger to the author. I cannot pretend to vouch for the truth of Mr. Cumming's performances, not having witnessed them; but I can for the accuracy of his description of the countless thousands of wild animals that are to be found together on some of the plains he speaks of, and if I can answer for the truthfulness of his description in this respect, (a portion of his statement much disbelieved,) I think we should in charity be slow to disbelieve his other statements.

I confess myself guilty of having set off into the wilds of Africa of my own free will, and of having made a few notes in the shape of a journal, but I never had the courage to publish it, feeling how difficult it would be for most people to believe it. Neither will people believe Mr. Cumming's work till more shall have ventured on the same road. You say most truly that people in this country cannot bring themselves to believe such marvellous accounts of wild animals; neither do I wonder at it. I see, on referring to my journal, that I was bewildered and confounded with astonishment on beholding the wonders of that country. The life led there, and the whole scene, are such as I defy any one properly to describe, or, on the other hand, to appreciate or believe, who has not seen it. Your reviewer wonders that a man could take such delight in wild sports. Surely, when we see men devoting their time and fortunes to hunting a fox in this great allotment ground, a man may be excused for being led away for a time by such a pursuit in so noble a country as South Africa. Life in the desert is one that has charms so hopeless to describe that I wonder any one is found to undertake the task. The deserts of South Africa open to the mind of the astonished adventurer a sense of freedom, combined with a feeling of dependence on a merciful Providence, which is not brought out by life in civilized countries.

My course in South Africa lay amongst the deserts and forests bordering the Orange river and the Thebus mountain, and it was there that Mr. Cumming discovered the vast herds of springboks and blesboks, on the improbability of which your reviewer chiefly dwells. I will venture to give these few extracts from my journal:—

“ Awoke from my sleep on the ground by a noise as of distant thunder. On looking up, saw the plain covered with dust as if an army were engaged, and presently the dark columns of countless thousands of wildebeest, springbok, blesbok, and other animals charged along the plain within shot. They were in a dense mass of great breadth, and apparently extending to the horizon.”

Again, referring to the swarms of locusts, I find—

“ The air was filled with dense masses of locusts, darkening the earth, and apparently coming from

the clouds, having all the appearance of a thick snow storm.”

I feel, therefore, that I may boldly give my name as witness to such scenes as those described by Mr. Cumming.

I hope the above statement may induce some to be more inclined to believe Mr. Cumming's work.

Having said this much in his defence, I confess I cannot admire the style of his work, which has justly laid him open to your severe criticism, and entirely agree with you that the way he dwells on “the murdering parts of the business” is unfortunate. When a man is living in that wild state his blood must be got up for such scenes, or he could not exist; but he should have remembered that the naked recital of them, so frequently dwelt upon, must shock the nerves and feelings of the European reader.

I would conclude by remarking that a noble country will there be some day opened to emigrants, and that the Orange river will not long remain the boundary of the Cape colony.

I remain, sir, your obedient servant.

COSPATRICK BAILLIE HAMILTON.
No. 11, Anglesey, Sept. 20.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.—Some twenty years ago, I was coming from Calcutta in a good ship I then commanded; I had been away from home eleven months, during which time, I had heard no news thence, either private or public. Off Barnegat, we fell in with a fishing smack, having on board a man and a boy, father and son. We wanted some fresh fish, and the father coming on board, we soon made a bargain with him, receiving in exchange for a real Indian bandanna handkerchief, a plentiful supply.

“ Well, skipper,” said I, after the barter was over, “ what's the news?”

He nodded his head thoughtfully for a moment, and said, “ Potatoes is twenty-five cents a bushel!”

“ Is it possible?” I asked, “ but, the news, friend, what is the news?”

“ Wal!” said he, “ there was a great crop on 'em last fall!”

“ Never mind the potatoes,” I replied, “ tell us the news—what's going on in the political world?”

“ Politikil!” said the fisherman, standing silently for a few minutes. “ Politikil! d' ye see that fellow in my boat yonder?” pointing to his son, a mop-headed fellow of eighteen, “ wal! captain, that are chap made two hundred dollars last winter!”

There was no use in trying to get anything out of him; so we parted. Three or four years after, on my return from another voyage, coming on the same coast, I again met this fisherman. He remembered me, took the identical bandanna I had given him, waved it with a cheer above his head, and swore I should have the best and biggest of all the fish he had. I made another purchase of him, and was again anxious for the news.

“ What's the news?” I inquired, “ who's president?” it was just after a general election.

Said the fisherman, “ D' ye recollect my boy that I had in the smack with me—the one who made two hundred dollars?”

“ Yes,” said I.

“ Wal!” he replied, his hard eyes becoming watery, “ the little cuss is dead.”

“ And that,” said the captain in conclusion, “ is all I ever got out of the fisherman of Barnegat.”—*Spirit of the Times.*

From the Examiner.

THE TWO EXTREMES.

DUM VITANT, IN CONTRARIA CURRUNT.

CONTRADICTING an idle rumor that at the instance of the despotic governments the British ministry proposes to adopt measures for the extradition of refugees, who may be objects of suspicion, the *Times* proceeds to take a view of the position of refugees in this country which seems to us to call for some remark :

We may as well say at once, and we say it most confidently, there exists no such intention on the part of our government towards political refugees as that so positively stated at Paris. England will continue to be, what it has ever been, the asylum of nations. We should be most unfaithful to our constitution, most untrue to our political faith, and many of us most ungrateful for the refuge given to our forefathers in this land of their adoption, if we consented to the exclusion or other ill-treatment of political refugees, except from the plainest necessity, and the most definite apprehensions. But there can be no such intention. It would only be legal under an "alien act," and the last alien act has been allowed to expire without renewal this very year. The announcement towards the close of the session was received with general acclamation, showing how little such measures are to the taste of an Englishman. Her majesty's ministers have shown a marked degree of attention, almost too expressive of political sympathy, to some of the leading refugees. But it is notorious that all classes in this country will show not merely hospitality, but friendship to foreigners, whose opinions, and whose acts, they would not tolerate for a moment in their own fellow-countrymen. As a slave ceases to be a slave as soon as he touches this soil, the refugee is commonly supposed to have left behind him all his substantial vice, and to retain merely the superficial hue of his party.

Certainly this is a true representation of the reception of the refugee in the aristocratic society of London, when his deeds or his misdeeds have invested him with anything of the character of a lion, and excited curiosity or furnished the material for a sensation—the besetting vulgarity of the self-styled *beau monde*. So that a foreigner has figured in the world, he is welcomed in the drawing-rooms of our fine people to be stared at, no matter what may have been the mischief he has done, or fallen in attempting. "The broken tool that tyrants throw away;" the bad monarch who has made every throne tremble, and shaken all securities of authority and peace in Europe, by his besotted, selfish, despotic policy, in violation of pledges the most solemn; the red republican on the other hand, the pedantic socialist, the apostle of anarchy, all these and more than we care to recite, are sure, as the *Times* says, not only of hospitality but friendship in the circles of our "great world." The hand of the political incendiary who has done his worst to give up his country and society to anarchy, rapine, and ruin, is grasped as cordially at least as that of the purest patriot who has fallen in vindicating the dearest rights of man. The villainy gives the notoriety

and *éclat*; but, as the *Times* explains, the moral complexion of the conduct is bleached even while the recollection of it imparts the interest to the fugitive.

Haynau mistimed his visit to England. Had he presented himself in the fashionable season, he would have been a courted and caressed guest at most of the great houses, and would have been far too much engaged at dinners, routes, and fêtes to have had leisure or a thought for a visit to a brewery. The question arises whether this is moral, whether it is politic, whether the rude treatment of the fugitive evil-doer may not be provoked by the frequent example of the favor with which offenders of his class are received by a large portion of our aristocratic society. Is not the sentiment in many an uncultivated but honest nature likely to be, "If no one will let this man know what is thought of his conduct, I will. He shall not get off with nothing but compliments and servilities." How different would the feeling and actions of such a man be, if he were aware that the coldness and neglect of the foreign delinquent's class in society would mark the sense of his offences, and most cuttingly punish them!

Do not let it be supposed that we are contending for the exercise of judgment upon the minor shades of error in foreign politics, of which we may be very imperfect and incompetent judges; the cases which we would bring under moral jurisdiction are happily the less frequent ones of great gravity or atrocity. And for the men implicated in them we would not deny an asylum, and the protection of the laws; but they should have nothing more than the asylum, bringing with them none of the claims on the hospitalities in felon, blood-stained hands. Had cutting neglect been the known portion of Haynau in London, the draymen of Bank-side would not have stirred a finger against him, content with the finger of scorn whose exquisite punishment is not to be surpassed.

An ultra-enthusiastic proposal has been forwarded to us from a public meeting in Liverpool to erect a statue on the occasion. These fervid sympathizers miss the point altogether, misled by the bad style of antagonism on the other side. None know better than the draymen who drove the general to the dustbin that they can have no honor and glory from the act except the sense of the impulse that prompted it. In cool blood we are still contented that the hot blood *was*; but when a burst of wrath has served its purpose, no one should desire to see it vindictively dwelt upon. This would be to emulate the spirit of Haynau himself, and of his allies and friends abroad.

The *Times* has given, under the head of General Haynau and the press of Germany and Austria, various animadversions on the assault. The *Allgemeine Zeitung*, the *Times* of Germany, after taking a very exaggerated view of the affair, asks—

Are not the English afraid of being served in the same way—the English who every year spoil our beautiful landscapes by the oddity of their appearance and the "refinement" of their manners?

And it puts the case of Sir H. Ward in the Ionian Islands, and asks where slumbers the wrath of our press. Sir H. Ward handled miscreants with a severity we are not prepared to defend; but there is no charge against him of sanctioning, countenancing, or suffering the flogging of women.

Another paper states:—

In the "Café Daum," which is haunted by our officers, there was, amidst the portraits of other royal personages, a portrait of Queen Victoria. I say it was there, for it was yesterday assaulted by a Croatian officer, who, *drawing his sabre, with a volley of imprecations, smashed it into atoms, while his comrades cheered and cried "Bravo."* They rattled their swords in a most alarming manner, and they curse the islanders, "whom they cannot get at," and whom they long to "shiver," as the officer did the picture of their queen. But not only absurd—indeed, the insults are low and mean which were yesterday offered to two harmless English tourists (whose dress bespoke them as such) by several cavalry officers, among whom was a near relative of the Prince Schwarzenberg.

Sabring the picture of a lady is at least an improvement, and a gallant one certainly, upon flogging one in the life. Of course, for so manly and heroic an exploit the officer will obtain promotion and a decoration. General Haynau must appoint him his aide-de-camp. He deserves to be on that staff. One cannot sufficiently admire the hardihood of this officer, who drew his sword so fearlessly against the portrait of a woman, sustained only by the cheers of his comrades. It shows, in the teeth of a popular anecdote to the contrary, that the chivalry of Austria can do something for itself single-handed, at least where a woman, or the likeness of a woman, is in the case. It is said that an Austrian soldier being involved in some difficulty, a pert gamin, with a shrill voice, called to him, "Austrian, shall I fetch a Russian to conquer your enemies, and get you out of the scrape!"

The hero of the Café Daum could shiver to pieces our queen's picture without the aid of a Russian. He must, however, have a care of Bankside. His place of honor is now second only to that of the more soaring hero, whose ambition would be satisfied with nothing else than striking the person itself of our sovereign, instead of contenting himself with an outrage against a picture.

As for Haynau, it turns out after all that the draymen have been his best friends, and have swept him back with their brooms to imperial favor, and high advancement. The *Times* states—

We understand that preparations are making to greet General Haynau on his return to Vienna with a splendid demonstration of loyal devotion, accompanied by an extraordinary act of grace on the part of the monarch. The garrison is to serenade him by torchlight, and the emperor is to place in his hands the object of his ambition—the marshal's "baton."

And all this comes of Bankside! Little thought the general in the dustbin how it was all for his good, and the growth of his honors. When before

was a baton so earned? Surely it will bear the likeness of a drayman broomstick couchant.

On second thought, we think the hero of the Café Daum cannot do better than come over to London, visit Messrs. Barclay's, and subscribe himself "The lady-killer of Queen Victoria in portraiture." Any little specimen of mob-law he might provoke would ensure him in consistency some extraordinary act of grace on the part of the monarch, a serenade by torchlight from the garrison, and promotion to the rank of general. He should be forever distinguished as the hero of the Café Daum.

From the *Examiner*.

EXTINCTION OF CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT IN GERMANY.

THE struggle between despotic reaction and even the old moderate degree of constitutional liberty formerly allowed in Germany, will soon be decided. Austria, at the head of its resuscitated Diet, has acted with much more boldness, decision, and ultra-repression, than could have been effected under the old Diet. That assembly sanctioned the expulsion of the old Elector of Hesse, and of the Duke of Brunswick, for violating their constitution. Instead of following any such precedent, the actual Rump of the old Diet has ordered bodies of Hanoverian and Wurtemberg troops to occupy Cassel, to put down all opposition, to restore the elector to his throne, and to enable him to govern, not merely without Parliament, but against every law, custom, right, and popular will in the country.

It is impossible to imagine that Austria would have gone such a length were it not certain of Russian support and of Prussian acquiescence. Still it is difficult to conceive that the King of Prussia would thus forfeit his last claim to the respect of Germany, and break the last link that bound him to the constitutional party. If fifteen thousand Hanoverian and Wurtemberg soldiers can be found to put down the constitutional and passive resistance in Hesse, if the Hessians submit, and if Prussia allows it—then, certainly, the Frankfort Diet is restored not only to its pristine life, but to more vigor than it ever possessed, and to a greater despotic power and spirit than it has yet dared to assume, in the present century.

Should all this be consummated, every spark of constitutional government will have been trodden out in Germany. Everywhere have the Chambers been dissolved or sent about their business, everywhere is the press put down, the rights of freemen suspended. Assuming that this has the sanction of Prussia, of course the King of Prussia is prepared to replace his own kingdom under the German uniform of despotism, and abrogate his constitution. He must indeed, in consistency, do so. The Camphausens, Hansemans, Beckeraths, and Gagerns, he must silence or exile. For they can never pardon or compound with such treacherous and pusillanimous conduct.

There is one class of politicians who will hail with exultation and delight the universal extinction of constitutional government by the strong arm of most of the German princes, and the acquiescence of the others. This is the extreme democratic party. Their continued cry, ever since their defeat, has been that their outrageous mistrust and coercion of princes was the only prudent conduct. They

have denounced the constitutional party as idiotic, in trusting and respecting princes who have shown no respect for either their subjects' rights or their own oaths; and as traitorous, in aiding to crush that genuine popular party which could alone have given them strength to resist the perfidy and tyranny of the despotic courts. All which has since happened, the democratic writers had unhappily foretold. They are proved right in their mistrust, right in their appreciation, of the princes; right in their prophecy of the extinction of all constitutional principles and party; and henceforth there will exist in Germany but the red flag of Struve and the white flag of Schwarzenberg and Haynau. As to the constitutionalists, with their red, white, and black colors, these will be an eternal laughing-stock; and the white and black flag of Prussia a thing to spit upon.

Should the present réaction succeed in Cassel, Germany may be looked upon as entering that phasis which Spain did in 1823, when Ferdinand resumed the reins of government. The only difference would be, that, instead of one Ferdinand, Germany will have a score. Such a régime cannot exist without frequent insurrections, or without respectable citizens and constitutional personages favoring such insurrections, as was the case in Spain and in France from 1815 to 1830. Martial law, military execution, and the scaffold, are the necessary accompaniments to such a state of things. All which Germany will have to endure without even the pity and respect due to the brave when they are unfortunate.

It is but too true that Prussia is chiefly to blame for the want of manliness and courage visible in the educated and civic class of Germans at present. Prussia put down with such rigor, and punished with such ferocity, the attempts of the people to stand up for constitutional liberties, that now, when it would be her interest to resuscitate a constitutional spirit and defence, she finds it dead. Had Prussia repressed the Baden insurrection as republican and extreme, but at the same time bearing in mind how much that foolish uprising was provoked; had she shown some clemency and forbearance to the vanquished, she would have stood in a better position now. But how can she support constitutional resistance in Hesse, when she put down with her artillery resistance almost as righteous in Saxony? Having re-established her own power by military réaction, how can she prevent other powers from following her example? A middle course in politics is at all times difficult enough; but when it becomes a series of tactics and manœuvres, of cruel vengeance upon the weak and mean truckling to the strong, alike devoid of dignity and honesty, it is a course which no craft of government can make ultimately prudent or successful.

From the Spectator.

HESSE-CASSEL.

SMALL as Hesse-Cassel is, the events now in progress are instructive for every class of politicians. As a small breach in the land can disclose to the geologist the structure and history of a region, so the Hessian rupture may disclose to the politician the actual working of the political elements.

Most especially ought it to instruct the royal

classes, who appear to have made such slight progress in learning their true place in contemporaneous society. There are a few before Europe just now who have shown some faculty of adapting themselves to the political state of their dominions—such as the King of Holland and the King of the Belgians; but, with those exceptions, all are now illustrating immense mistakes. Francis Joseph of Austria is relying on his armies, and on that dangerous ally, Russia; reckless of the future pay-day, and wholly neglecting to obtain a real hold on his subjects in any section of his empire, insomuch that he is an alien in every province except *unnational* Vienna. Frederick William is "wading" among tentatives and failures for a policy. The Count de Chambord is keeping alive a notion of returning to a throne "by the grace of God." Ferdinand of Naples lends a temporary sanction to the idea that kingcraft is to be kept up by tyranny, foreign support, and perjury. Pius the Ninth is thinking to rebuild a temporal power on the traditional rock of St. Peter. The quasi-royal Prince President is acting so as to countenance the notion that a people may be cajoled. Not one grapples with the facts of the time, and bases his position upon them.

Now the actual state of Hesse-Cassel exposes the processes at work in political society, which forbid any peace or safety for princes unless they adapt themselves to the movement. Its position is that of England under Charles the First, with this difference, that the nation is unanimous, from its mob even up to its Parliament and its public departments. There appears to be *no* minority—except the elector himself and his minister, Hassepnflug—Charles with his spectacled and fugitive Strafford. In Hesse-Cassel, then, constitutional doctrines have obtained so firm a hold over the bulk of the people, over the civic classes, the acting officials, and even the army, that they all thought it safer to abide by constitutional law than by hereditary authority; there is, to any public effect, no counter-opinion. Hesse-Cassel has had a longer enjoyment of constitutional laws than other provinces of Germany; but it is only in *advance* of the rest; and it seems probable that opinions will gain upon all classes, in other dominions, as they have done in this little state. In some degree, princes who do not adopt constitutional doctrines are in the position of the fugitive elector, although it may be disguised; and although a crisis may not be so thoroughly prepared for them as it is for him, it cannot be indefinitely postponed.

Now the royal classes of Europe labor under many disadvantages. They are not practised in the conduct of public affairs under constitutional restraints; they are not trained to vigilance and patience. They hold a certain amount of power without appeal or liability, but are also under the management of ministers who "advise" them. Thus ministers of state, who neglect to keep their respective princes properly trained and corrected up to the newest standard, are practically risking the safety of monarchy. If they want to "save society"—about which Louis Napoleon makes such a fuss—if they want to rescue constitutional doctrine from being wrecked by an attempt at absolutist réaction ending in republican revolution, they will take active steps towards ascertaining the actual relation of princes and people, and adjusting the position of the royal functionary on practical grounds.

From the Spectator.

NEWS OF THE WEEK ENDING 5 OCT.

In this quiet season of the political year, the news from the Arctic regions assumes the full prominence which is really due to it. Some traces have been discovered of Sir John Franklin's ships. The nine vessels engaged in the several expeditions sent out in search had been distributed into five parties, to carry on the survey more systematically. The first fact of much interest was an alarming rumor, among certain Esquimaux near Cape York, in Baffin's Bay, that Sir John Franklin had been laid up for the winter of 1846, near Cape Dudley Digges, had been attacked by a fierce band of natives, and that all the crews had been killed, not at once, but apparently in two attacks. As to the faith due to this story, there is the utmost difference between the commanders of the searching expeditions. Captain Ommanney takes no notice of the rumor; Captain Penny praises the services of the Danish interpreter for "exposing a story of Sir John Ross' Esquimaux." On the one hand, therefore, we find Sir John Ross maintaining the credibility of the report, explaining that the Dane intimidated the Esquimaux, and that the Esquimaux stuck to his story after the Dane was gone; on the other hand, we find many intelligent men treating the story as worthless, and it is known that Sir John Ross' temperament exposes him to be hasty in error and obstinate in adhering to it. It is to be observed that the Esquimaux was not confronted with his countrymen, in the presence of Sir John and the Dane; a step which would have gone far to test his veracity.

Meanwhile, we have the further report of Admiralty ropes discovered at Cape Riley and Beechy Island, in the Wellington Channel, and other traces that the Erebus or Terror, or both, had been at those places; and it would seem that both vessels had left it in safety. The disheartening fact is the long lapse of time. It now is becoming all but *impossible* that the party, with the best economy, could have found means to subsist so long in those ice-bound deserts. The systematic search, however, will secure at least a negative knowledge respecting the fate of the lost voyagers.

In the least happy event, the search will have been far from vain, on many accounts. Lord Palmerston implied that the true principle of maintaining the greatness of Britain throughout the world, is to uphold the *Civis Britannicus* against all foreign oppressors, and even against foreign laws: clearly a misconception of the true principle. That principle is, to endow the British subject with the confidence that wherever he may go the vigilance and just influence of the great empire follow him, not to uphold him against the laws of foreign countries, but to see that he be not abandoned or unlawfully oppressed. It is not by upholding a *Don David Pacifico* against the rules and laws of the Greek government that the truly commanding greatness of our empire is shown; but it is displayed in the array of well-stored ships—of most intelligent and daring commanders—of hardy, resolute, enduring men, following their countrymen to the most desolate regions of the globe, in order to rescue them if possible—to know and record their fate if more be impossible—at all events, to leave no duty unfulfilled, though it be but that of inditing on the cenotaph a correct inscription doing justice to their memory. This, we say, which to the superficial politician looks like a vain sacrifice, is really a small

sacrifice from the present official representatives of the nation, towards that confidence which renders the subject strong in the service of his country—towards that impression among foreign countries that at the back of every Englishman is the vigilance and power of his state, to succor him in trouble, to uphold him in justice, at whatsoever price.

The deputies of the Peace Association would appear to be making some progress in arranging the dispute between Denmark and her revolted Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein. The points actually attained are these: Denmark has consented to negotiate to the same extent as Schleswig-Holstein; and after the return of the deputation to Kiel, the ducal authorities had appointed a gentleman to act as arbitrator on their behalf, and to meet the arbitrator for Denmark. Meanwhile, Mr. Elihu Burritt remained in Hamburg to watch and smooth the progress of the negotiations. The Peace Association has thus succeeded in attaining a recognized position between the governments of Europe—a position so important, that it would be very desirable if the respectable gentlemen composing that body of amateur diplomats would investigate the real causes of their success. Among those causes, no doubt, is the highly embarrassing nature of the contest to both the litigants, so that an intervention from any respectable quarter is as welcome as the Beefeat in the "situation" of *Don Whiskerandos*; and that accidental element of success in the present instance could not be expected in other instances.

Again, we have yet to test the efficacy or possibility of any sort of "appeal" between litigants still more obstinate than Denmark and the duchies.

We suspect that a close investigation of the facts will enable the deputation to discover that the practical success which they have attained is entirely due to the really practicable part of their scheme—that part which consists in promoting the *mutual intelligence* of governments and nations. Many a war might be prevented if the combatants did but really know each other's relative strength, and often the desire for war would be obliterated if the combatants did but know each other's real intent; though instances may be imagined in which that mutual knowledge would *occasion* war. In any case, however, those who rely on moral and not on technical or formal influences, and who, on the broadest principles of religion and humanity, go between contending nations to promote mutual understanding and obedience to common faith and its precepts, are performing a truly sacred office—one which overrides difference of blood, of creed, and of political opinion. That was once the office of the priesthood, when priests maintained their position in being wiser than the rest of mankind: it was the most sacred office of the heralds. In testimony of the success which may yet be attained in the same direction, we see one of the most remarkable spectacles ever presented to Europe—a blacksmith from republican America is sitting at Hamburg to watch over the mutual advances of the Teutonic Duchies and the Scandinavian monarch.

Not inconsistent with that spectacle is the other, nor less remarkable—the old governing influences of Europe, exiled from power, or shaking in the throne and distracted in councils, are petitioning for an idea that may help them to exist. While the good bishops of the Sardinian States are in-

voking the Sovereign Pontiff to reconsider the policy which is breaking up the Romish church, his favorite ecclesiastic in Piedmont, Cardinal Franzoni, persists so obstinately in the reactionary policy, that he draws upon himself exile and confiscation. Poor Pio Nono, confessing inability to wield the destiny of Rome, abandoning *his* mild methods of little regeneration for that "eternal" state, has wholly lent himself to the reactionary idea. The more intelligent prelates of Piedmont, not a few in proportion, recognize all the destructive tendencies of that idea, and petition against it, in vain; and the civil state of Piedmont, in self-preservation, has been forced into open defiance of the Papal supremacy. As the Anti-Papal feeling has spread far and wide in Italy, especially north of the Neapolitan frontier, such a signal adhesion to that feeling by the constitutional state of the peninsula is a formidable event for the ancient ecclesiastical dominion. That rule cannot accommodate its essential idea to the living ideas of the day, and it is to be extruded as dead matter from the living organism of society.

In like manner, the legitimist party in France is vainly struggling to keep up a show of existence. The earnest Marquis de Larochejaquelin only retains his connexion with his party by waiving his attempt to reconcile the idea of legitimacy with the presence of the people. M. de Larochejaquelin explains, that he did not seek a restoration of the original monarchy at the hands of the people, but only to give the people an opportunity of declaring that it did not concur in the Republic. This is permitting the people humbly to support the Pretender, without prejudice to his absolute rights over said people; such is the proposition of that statesman among the Legitimists, who is most intelligently and earnestly bent on accommodating the legitimist idea to the living ideas of the day! —No, the Count de Chambord is right: legitimacy cannot abate itself: it must die—it is dying. No wonder, then, if the Parisians, practical philosophers, pay far less attention to the dreamy controversies of the political legitimists than they do to the fact of present importance, that the Italian Opera is at last organized; that the Count de Chambord should reign as Henry the Fifth is an idle romance-dream, but that Mr. Lumley is appointed director of the Opéra Italien is a fact for the Parisians of serious and present importance.

Her majesty's ship the North Star, which went out as a tender-ship to the expedition of Sir James Clark Ross in search of Sir John Franklin, a year and a half ago, returned unexpectedly to Spithead on Saturday morning. She has brought despatches from the ships of the four English expeditions which went out early this year; and of these there have been published the despatches by Captain Ommanney, commanding the Assistance and Intrepid of Captain Austin's squadron, a despatch from Captain Penny, and one from Sir John Ross, all to the Admiralty; and also two despatches with enclosures from Sir John Ross to his patrons, the Hudson's Bay Company.

The Prince Albert, a ship despatched in July, under Captain Forsyth, to make a special search beyond Brentford Bay, returned from the Polar regions to Aberdeen on Sunday night; and the Admiralty have published Captain Austin's despatch in full.

By the North Star no reliable news concerning

the expedition under Sir John Franklin has been brought home: a report picked up at Cape York from some Esquimaux, that the ships of the expedition were wrecked at the top of Baffin's Bay in 1846, and the exhausted crews overpowered and killed by a savage tribe, was discredited by further inquiries, and by search in the neighborhood. The ships entered Lancaster Sound to prosecute their searches; intending, however, to make minuter inquiries into the truth of this painful rumor if their search in the north-west should fail.

But by the Prince Albert we learn that "traces" of the missing expedition have been discovered in the expected direction of the Wellington Channel.

These traces are undoubtedly evidences that the Erebus and Terror have passed in the direction they indicate, at some time not to be guessed; but they tend in no wise to clear the melancholy doubt now hanging over the fate of Sir John Franklin and his companions.

It seems that Captain Penny, with his two vessels, the Lady Franklin and Sophia, was the first to traverse the full length of Davis' Straits and Baffin's Bay, and to enter Melville Bay. At that point, however, he was prevented by the middle ice from further advance; and before he could cross to Lancaster Sound the ships of all the other expeditions overtook and joined him.

For a good portion of the voyage up the Greenland coast, the two American discovery vessels were in advance of all the English ships except Captain Penny's; but one of these friendly rivals got aground off the Devil's Thumb, and thus both got behind. The English were anxious to give their aid; but the American commander declined to delay them, having plenty of strength to get afloat again. The Americans had recovered their lost ground by the time when the English entered Lancaster Sound, and were near Leopold's Harbor at the same time with Sir John Ross, on the 22d August.

All the English vessels were congregated in Melville Bay, off Cape York, on the 13th August. Acting in the spirit of their instructions, and with the best feeling of mutual confidence, they formed a plan of operations in which the following division of searching labor was made. Captain Austin's expedition of two ships with two attendant screw-steamer was divided; and the nine assembled ships of all the commands were divided into five commands, which we will enumerate in an order corresponding to the geographical position of their region of search. 1. Captain Ommanney, with his ship Assistance and her steam-tender Intrepid, was to search the whole northern coast of Barrow's Straits—marked on the maps as North Devon—from Cape Warrender in Lancaster Sound to the Wellington Channel. 2. Captain Penny, with his two ships, the Lady Franklin and Sophia, was to proceed on his special survey of Jones' Sound, leaving such traces of his progress to the north-west, that when Captain Ommanney gained the westernmost extremity of his region he should be able to communicate with Captain Penny. 3. Sir John Ross was to proceed at once, with his two ships, the Felix and Mary, to the Wellington Channel, and search all the region from Cape Hotham to the west end of Melville Island; and if possible search down southwestwards along Bank's Land. 4. Captain Austin, with his ship Resolute and her steam-tender Pioneer, was to begin at Pond's Bay, and explore the whole southern coast of Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Straits; and, if possible,

push along by Cape Walker, till he should have connected his southern explorations with the terminal voyagings of Sir James Ross. 5. Captain Forsyth, with his single ship the Prince Albert, was to go down Regent's Inlet to Brentford Bay, to cross the isthmus, and explore the west side of Boothia Felix; and to extend his inquiries in all directions over the unknown region south of Cape Walker and Bank's Land.

The vessels started on their allotted courses on the 14th August. The progress of the northern commands may be briefly summed. On the 25th August, Captain Ommanney had completed his search all along the coast of Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Straits; and was observed by Mr. Snow, from the mast-head of the Prince Albert, "well over with Cape Hotham, carrying a press of sail, with a strong breeze from westward;" two American brigantines were working over towards the Cape; and Captain Penny's vessels were pushing stoutly up the Wellington Channel. It was found that the sea was so perfectly ice-locked in the direction of Cape Walker, that advance in that direction would be totally impossible. Cape Hotham alone might with difficulty be reached. For this reason, Sir John Ross was understood, when last seen at the north-west corner of Prince Regent's Inlet, to be in doubt whether he should not return to England. Of the southern commands we have only the accounts by the Prince Albert. Captain Austin had gone to Pond's Bay, to send home despatches by the North Star; but those ships missed each other, and the progress of Captain Austin is left unreported. Captain Forsyth has fulfilled his instructions to the extreme point permitted by nature, but that permission was very restricted. Prince's Inlet, like the sea towards Cape Hotham, is covered with ice from coast to coast. From this cause, it was impossible to get anywhere near Brentford Bay and cross the isthmus. "As we drew up towards Fury Beach, the land-ice gradually extended off the shore, commencing a little to the southward of Port Leopold, up to within ten or fifteen miles of Fury Point, when it stretched directly across the inlet, apparently in front of Port Bowen." Captain Forsyth found himself even in danger of being carried up the inlet by the drift-ice; so he hastened out to the north, and crossed Barrow's Straits towards the entrance of Wellington Channel. He examined the coast from Capes Herschel and Hurd to Point Innis. It was at Cape Riley they found the traces already mentioned. "We observed five places where tents had been pitched, or stones placed as if they had been used for keeping the lower part of the tents down; also great quantities of beef, pork, and bird-bones, a piece of rope with the Woolwich naval mark in it, (yellow,) part of which I have enclosed." In a cairn mounted by a flag-staff was a despatch from Captain Ommanney, who had landed at the same place before Captain Forsyth, stating that he had observed the same traces, and had also observed similar traces on Beechy Island. He had pushed on towards Cape Hotham and Cape Walker in search of "further traces of Sir John Franklin."

Having made out from the despatches the best account which they afford of the progress and further plans of the ships, we recur to the details of the Esquimaux report concerning the destruction of Sir John Franklin's expedition. On the 14th August, as Captain Penny passed Cape York,

three Esquimaux were observed: he communicated with them; and they conversed with his interpreter, but made no allusion to any lost expedition of white men. On the 15th, next day, Captain Ommanney and Sir John Ross passed the same spot, and again hailed the Esquimaux. Captain Ommanney sent his steamer, the Intrepid, under Lieutenant Cator, and Sir John Ross sent his whale-boat under Commander C. Gervans Phillips, R. N., to converse with them. The Intrepid arrived first, and "communicated" with the natives: they informed her people that a ship had wintered in Wolstenholme Sound; she was housed in, and had departed in the spring about a month before. It turned out that they meant the North Star. In the whale-boat under Lieutenant Phillips was Captain Ross' Esquimaux interpreter, Adam Beek, who speaks Danish: as soon as the Cape York natives saw their countryman, they threw up their hats and ran to the boat, and got on board without being invited. They conversed with Adam Beek for half an hour. At the end of that time, Lieutenant Phillips set out with Adam to Sir John Ross, who alone understood Danish, that they might learn what he had heard. As they went, they overtook first Captain Forsyth's vessel, the Prince Albert; and on board of her was a cook, John Smith, who has lived at Churchill, and knows the Esquimaux language—"a little of it," according to Sir John Ross—"a good knowledge" of it, according to Lieutenant Phillips. Adam Beek immediately sought him out, and gave him the following narrative, on the authority of the Cape York Esquimaux.

"In the winter of 1846, when the snow was falling, two ships were broken by the ice a good way off in the direction of Cape Dudley Diggs, and afterwards burned by a fierce and numerous tribe of natives. The ships were not whalers—epaulettes were worn by some of the white men. A part of the crews were drowned; the remainder were some time in huts or tents, apart from the natives; they had guns, but no balls, were in a weak and exhausted condition, and were subsequently killed by the natives with darts or arrows."

Captains Ommanney and Forsyth immediately proceeded to Sir John Ross' ship; and they sent to Captain Penny's ship for his Danish interpreter, Petersen, or Petersen. The despatches leave us in confusion as to the stages of the examination, but the result is that Captain Ommanney takes no notice of the report in his despatch. He seems to have thought it an invention founded on the actual circumstances of the stay made by the North Star. Captain Penny briefly praises the services of his interpreter Petersen in "exposing a story of Sir John Ross' Esquimaux." Sir John Ross himself states that Petersen was "totally at variance with Adam Beek;" but declares that the Dane overbore Adam, by calling him a liar, and intimidated him; but Adam persisted in his story when the Dane was gone, and he wrote it down in the Esquimaux language. Here it is, for such of our readers as have scholarship to translate it—

"Innuvit Takkurkarbark, Agus 13, 1850, Kesan nili Killissejaragkit omniarssarnik Tagkog innassogallugit okarbot omniarsuitt Tagkugittik Nunnamminni egkimmatta Sarkinnirrok Sessam-marrattillunni Tarrit tarbok Taimattummik aglag-bagka okiit 1846 Sikko Kubirriarmat allarbut omnannammut Pillugtik Tarrsani Sekkur soarmit

allarmitt ajollirlugtik okibut innuvit Tarsanni am-millarkigagmik Takko omijarsuvit Malluvit innvi Nogorbuigog Tagkunniga.

“ÄGLAGTOK ADAM BEEK.

“JOHN ROSS, witness to the above, on board the Felix discovery-vessel, this 13th day of August, 1850.”

On the one hand, Adam might have been again confronted with the natives who gave the report to him, and if he was so his veracity could be instantly estimated ; and we find the commanders of the expedition generally incredulous of the report ; on the other hand, we find Sir John Ross treating it as so far worthy of continued attention, that he is resolved to unravel it thoroughly on his return from his north-west search. The most important, but still not conclusive point, is that a considerable space of the country generally indicated by the Esquimaux was traversed in extended order, and carefully examined, by Captain Ommanney and Lieutenant Phillips and a party of the officers and men of her majesty's ships Assistance and Intrepid, and no sign of any destroyed ships or men was discovered. Several Esquimaux huts were entered : “two of the huts covered the unburied remains of three or four natives.”

PEACE-MAKERS.

MESSIEURS Joseph Sturge, Elihu Burritt, and Frederick Wheeler, the members of the peace congress who “on their own responsibility” have attempted to conclude a peace between the king of Denmark and the Danish Duchies, report the further progress of their well-meant officious ministrations. At Rendsburg, on the 3d September, the Stadholderate stated that they could not make “any sort of proposition ;” and they gave the three peace-seekers “no mission.”

But they added, that they should be willing to refer the claims of the Duchies to the decision of enlightened and impartial arbitrators, provided Denmark would also submit its claims to the same tribunal ; reserving for eventual arrangement the appointment, composition, and jurisdiction of the court.

With this reply, authenticated in writing, the deputation proceeded to Copenhagen ; where they arrived on the 10th September, “after having been detained several days in quarantine.”

“We readily obtained,” they say, “separate interviews with the prime minister and with the minister of foreign affairs ; who received us with great cordiality and kindness. We presented to them a written statement of the object of our mission, and of what had transpired at Rendsburg. We invited their especial attention to the treaty of alliance between Denmark and the Duchies, bearing date 1533, which was renewed in 1623, and confirmed at Travendahl in 1700, by which ‘the contracting parties bound themselves mutually to assist each other ;’ and, with respect to any differences that might arise between them, they agreed to adjust them, not by means of arms, but by means of councillors constituted as arbitrators on the part of each, and disengaged from their oath of allegiance.”

Urging their appeal on the humanitarian grounds which chiefly prompted them, they concluded with a few remarks, “to the effect that Denmark, by this mode of settlement, would release herself from those obligations to foreign diplomacy which

might obstruct the full development of her free institutions.”

“Both the ministers expressed their desire to effect a satisfactory and peaceful arrangement. They said they were sensible of the evils of the war, and were anxious to bring it to a speedy termination by an amicable mode of adjustment. At our last interview with the minister of foreign affairs, he said substantially, that if the government of the Duchies would authorize a plan or basis of arbitration, the Danish government would take it into immediate consideration. We subsequently received the declaration that they accepted the principle of arbitration to the same extent that it was accepted by the Schleswig-Holstein government at Rendsburg. Having received this reply, we returned to Kiel, to communicate it to the government of the Duchies, and to endeavor to induce a direct negotiation on the composition, appointment, and jurisdiction of the court of arbitration. On the 23d and 24th instant, (September,) we met the minister of foreign affairs ; who authorized a plan of arbitration prescribed by the treaty between the two countries, to which we have referred. He also appointed a gentleman to meet any one the Danish government should be willing to commission, for the purpose of agreeing upon the measures requisite to carry this plan into effect. Steps have been taken to bring these parties together as early as possible ; and one of our number (Elihu Burritt) will remain at Hamburg for a few weeks, with a view of doing all in his power to facilitate and expedite this preliminary stage of negotiation.”

From the Spectator.

FRANCE—HER PRESIDENT, PRESS, AND PEOPLE.

By what fatality is it that the French people, one of the most intelligent, brave, and generous in the world, adorned with a literature the most searching in its analysis of human nature and personal character, should have made such huge exertions, such wonderful sacrifices, in behalf of “liberty,” and should find in each form of government, precisely the same attacks on liberty, political and personal, as those which have provoked successive revolutions ? The question has often been asked, but it still remains to be asked ; and its solution really is of considerable moment to the science of politics. Possibly that solution awaits some further turn of affairs, whence the historian may take a more complete view ; meanwhile, we think a provisional answer may be found, in certain natural traits of the French character, modified by the transition state of the people from absolute monarchy to some form of government as yet wholly undetermined. For the present constitution is evidently no more than a “provisional government.”

The most salient fact in the political aspect of France at this moment is the “Austrian” treatment of the press under a government of universal suffrage. Every successive law is tending more and more to bind the journalist in chains. The compulsory rule, that every political paper shall be signed by the writer—whatever general arguments there might be for such a law—was intended to bring the class of political writers more closely under the screw of the government. And it has done so. As the act of a republican government, the alteration excites wonder. As the direct imitation of the policy that caused the exile of the despotic Charles the Tenth, it is a marvellous in-

stance of naked transparent impolicy. As a provision for "order," it is singularly inept. The rule helps less to silence rebellion than to blind the ruler to the guiding signs and warnings of the day. The greatest use of a press, to those who are responsible for the management of a country, is the function that it performs of exhibiting the opinions and feelings of parties; the rule which obliges every man who holds the editorial pen to attach his signature to his section of the work, deprives the composition of its collective character, and compels it simply to represent the opinions and feelings of a few individuals. There may be cases in which it is desirable to have out, for the public service, the peculiar opinions of individuals; but such will always come forth where the authentication is advantageous. We have seen examples in the United Kingdom, without any compulsory law; and we remember such in France, before the recent enactment. The new law, in fact, is not based upon any such general views; it is of the nature of a military law, proclaimed for a country in "a state of siege"; and it signifies that the existing government of France holds its place by a sort of military tenure, which it attempts to strengthen by putting down all the free movement of a conquered country. The prosecution of the moderate and orderly *Assemblée Nationale*, for intimating that M. Persigny had come to England to "raise the wind" for Louis Napoleon, betrays the spirit of the government.

The *Pays* denies that M. Persigny has been here to raise a loan, and hints that the National Assembly will be forced to make a grant to the president by compassion for the pensioners who depend on his bounty; an intimation after the fashion of Robin Hood, who pleads the wants of "his children" at home. The wants of the president are no secret; for the third time within two years he is opening his beak for provision; and he will probably get it. That the French do not understand the game which the close-countenanced prince-president is playing, does not deter them from permitting it to be played out. His policy, indeed—if policy for the nation he can be supposed to have—is inscrutable; so inscrutable, that we doubt its existence. His is a *self*-policy. An adventurer recalled from exile to the head of a republic, he is evidently laying his plans to obtain as much of royalty as he can; superseding Louis Philippe, who was expelled for imitating the policy of the man that he had superseded, Louis Napoleon imitates the policy of that same Ulysses untaught by experience. Louis Napoleon has an impenetrable countenance, unshakable courage, "a talent for silence," and a faculty of acting; he waits on events; meanwhile, neither too generous nor too farsighted to use the weapons that lie in the bureaucratic treasury, tarnished as they may be with monarchical or legitimist odium, and even with defeat.

It is not, then, to the press that France is to look for redemption; nor to the Parliament that passed that press-law; nor to the president that uses it. And if it is to the people, we observe that it is the people which permits these things. And why does it permit them? Is it that the French people, however much inclined to the abstract in politics—far more so than the English—has not the English faculty for collective action? No doubt, that idiosyncrasy of the French race contributes. The French sympathize with individuality and individualized power; they adore a hero, they regard each man as a representative of themselves, and take a

pride to see the Frenchman place himself in a striking and dramatic attitude; they like the theatrical effects of military shows, reviews, and revolutions. But they have little taste for the plodding business-like work of the town-council or parish-board. This is the reason why any good company of political performers is allowed to take its turn on the political stage. But if there has been hardly time in the half-century since France cast off her ancient despotism—a period by no means consecutive and regular, but much broken—for France to acquire the habit of popular and local collective action, the disposition to cultivate that healthy function of politics has been shown in the recent activity of the *Conseils-Généraux*. The municipal spirit is dawning in France; and that is the true antagonist to the bureaucratic fashion in which the republic acts. It is to her people that France must look for redemption; and the people seems to be acquiring the power of popular action in the sustained business of local administration.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

THE Nepaulese princes have set out for Marseilles. Just as they were on the point of departure, and stepping from the door of the hotel into the diligence, a scene occurred which might have had a very serious termination. A burley bully of a calèche-driver insisted upon getting thirty francs for a "course" which he had made over night; and not having been able to obtain the offer of more than his legitimate fare, planted himself squarely before the panel of the diligence, manifesting serious intentions of blocking the ambassador's way. All attempts to stir this fellow from his post by fair means were in vain. There he stood, and raved for the thirty francs; and when Jung Bahadoor advanced to get into the coach, the ruffian had the audacity to seize him by the collar of his gown. But he had little reckoned upon the strength and nimbleness of his adversary. Swift as lightning the slight nervous arm of the Indian, which grasped a cane, descended upon the cabman's visage; and presently that hero was borne off bleeding profusely from a severe cut on his temple, dealt by the jewelled pommel, to get his hurts bandaged by a neighboring apothecary, while Jung Bahadoor stepped victoriously into the "intérieur" of the diligence.—*Paris Correspondent of the Daily News*.

ACCORDING to a letter from L'Orient, a rival to Captain Warner has appeared there. "M. La Grange, an apothecary residing in this town, has been for the last fifteen years laboring at the preparation of a bullet of the most destructive kind. Although it appears that he had completed his labors for some time, he did not communicate his discovery to the government until within the last few days. An experiment as to the effect produced by those bullets has been made under the inspection of Admiral La Susse and La Guerre, Lieutenant-General Laplace, of the Artillery, and of a commission appointed by the government. The success of the experiment is said to have exceeded all expectation. Each bullet, on striking the object against which it was directed, exploded with a detonation as loud as that of the gun from which it was fired, and produced a most destructive effect. It bursts instantly on striking any object which opposes resistance, whether it be earth, wood, or stone. At the conclusion of the trial, the

members of commission, addressing the inventor, said, 'Sir, your name ought to be inscribed amongst the members of the Peace Congress, for after your invention it will be impossible to think of making war.' M. Lagrange asserts, that with a gun-boat, armed with four pieces of cannon, he could sink a ship of 120 guns in twenty minutes. He is in treaty with the government for the sale of his secret."

HERR HARRWITZ has been playing two games of chess at the same time, at the Glasgow Chess Club, blindfolded. After a long contest, the opponents of Herr Harrwitz in one case resigned; the other game was played till a very late hour at night, and then, the result being certain success for Harrwitz, the game had to be postponed.

NEARLY every railway from London ran cheap excursion-trains last Sunday, taking in the aggregate several thousands of persons to divers attractive localities.

THE Lincoln Association, apparently a body of farmers who have combined to protect their property from thieves, have obtained a bloodhound to track sheep-stealers. Trials have been made of the animal's power; and in one case he tracked part of the carcass of a sheep for three miles, across fields, a railway, roads, and a river.

A MAN employed on the Eastern Union Railway, the other day, discovered a dog busy in a turnip-field; he watched, and saw the dog draw several turnips from the ground with his mouth, and convey each to three men who were standing in a lane. The thieves and their canine agent ran off when they saw the railway-officer approach.

SEVERAL towns in the province of Posen have recently been honored with visits from one of the most skilful rogues whom modern times have heard of. He first appeared in the metropolis of the province, in Posen itself; where he presented himself under the title of Prince Altieri, and pretended to be a legate from the Pope, on a secret mission to the court of St. Petersburg. He was perfectly conversant with the Latin and French languages, and was provided with passports and other limitations; or they are so skilfully forged as to render detection impossible. He remained some days in Posen, performing church services; preaching, praying, and blessing the poorer classes, while he indulged the higher with visits and the honor of kissing his hand. The archbishop of the diocese appears to have been among his dupes. As may be supposed, the legate's remittances did not arrive at the expected time, and he was compelled to resort to the unpleasant medium of borrowing from his brethren in the faith. The archbishop, confiding in the promise of the legate's influence with the Pope being used in his favor, kindly assisted him out of his temporary difficulties with the loan of 400 thalers; other clerical dignitaries took compassion on their influential superior, and lent him smaller sums. The amount which the rogue managed to collect in this way is estimated at about 4000 thalers; with which of course he vanished. In Guesen, another small town in Posen, he imposed a long unpaid bill upon the landlord of the hotel; who, deeply impressed with the rank and dignity of his guest, asked and obtained permission to alter the name of his house to Hotel Prince Altieri. Previously to his visit to Posen, Prince Altieri had honored Dantzig with a

visit; and it is said that he succeeded in borrowing 1000 thalers from the Bishop of Pelplin. The police are hunting for the pseudo-prince, who is known now to be a Wilna Jew.

THE wild and wooded lands around Dorking were the scene of a kangaroo hunt, on Monday, with the Wooten pack of beagles. A kangaroo belonging to Mr. John Evelyn Denison, M. P., escaped four months ago, and has ranged quite wild ever since. The animal led the hounds a tremendous run at a pace incredible for such an animal; it was at last driven into a pond, and captured by a groom, not without a struggle, in the course of which the man received some painful embraces.

AN account is given in the continental papers of a great congress of medical men which it is proposed to hold in France, for the purpose of testing by experiment the virtue of a newly-discovered cure for madness and for the bites of venomous serpents by means of "cedrone" seed. It seems that two subjects, M. Auguste Guillemin and M. Hippolyte Fournier, Professor of Mathematics of the department of Aveyron, have offered themselves to be operated on—which means, we suppose, that they offer to let themselves be bitten—for the purposes of the inquiry. "It has been thought advisable," says the *Brussels Herald*, "to postpone until next month the experiment to be tried on M. Auguste Guillemin, in order to afford sufficient time for all the celebrated medical men of France and other parts of Europe to meet together at this sort of medical congress, in which one of the most difficult problems of occult medicine is to be resolved. It is announced that all the different states of Europe will be represented at this meeting: Russia, by a physician attached to the person of the emperor; the German States, by seventeen doctors; and Sweden, Norway and Denmark will send delegates, although in those cold regions there are but few serpents, and cases of madness are rare. Some of the *cedrone* seed will be sown in the *Jardin des Plantes*—where it is hoped it will succeed. Several of the faculty, who have already made experiments on different animals, hope, by means of the *cedrone* seed, to arrive at the cure of mental disorders and epilepsy." We know nothing more of this subject than is involved in these paragraphs.—*Athenaeum*.

THE Academy of Sciences in Paris is at present engaged in considering the practicability of a railway across the channel which divides England from France. The project—which seems to combine the real suggestions of science with the sort of poetic calenture that applies them dreamily—originated with M. F. Lemaitre—and may be briefly described as follows: On a solid foundation on either side of the channel, the projector proposes to build high and strong abutments, into which huge chains stretching across from shore to shore in the air would be secured. To support in the air this massive weight of iron for the twenty miles of space between the Dover abutment and that at Calais, the projector makes use of a formidable apparatus of balloons, of elliptical shape, firmly fastened to the chains. These, it is thought, would do away with any need of support from below; but, lest the balloons should fly away with the iron work altogether, M. Lemaitre proposes to sink four heavily laden barges at every hundred yards' distance, under the great chains, and connected with them by means of other chains. Having adjusted the length of these attaching irons to the

depth of the sea at each point, an equilibrium would be attained between the sunk barge and the floating balloons. Assuming that the gases never escaped, the sunk vessels never got disturbed—no one of the thousand accidents occurred to which such a bridge would be liable—it would remain thus suspended between the two countries—and the balloon would at length have found an office of dignity. Held by the chains so suspended, M. Lemaire proposes to establish an atmospheric railway!—Visionary as the scheme sounds, we are assured by the French papers that it is seriously occupying the attention of the academy. Fancy travelling over a bridge held by balloons in a high gale! The thing is at any rate very picturesque. How lame are all the wonders of eastern fable before the projects—and the performances—of the present scientific age!

THE telegraphic system of lines is rapidly approaching to a state of completion in Germany. On the 1st of October the whole will be ready for service. From Aix-la-Chapelle to Trieste, from Buda to Stettin, messages may be sent in a few seconds. The net-work is in a state of great forwardness in France and Belgium. The morning papers already give the latest telegraphic news from Germany and Italy, as well as from France; and before many weeks are passed we shall have yesterday's intelligence from Berlin and Vienna just as rapidly and regularly as we have now that of the fire in the city and the accident on the Eastern Counties Railway. Meantime, one more of the familiar forms of our life at home is finally disappearing—the old Semaphores are all coming down. They were wonders in their way once—and men seemed to have gained a new power as they watched their hieroglyphic writing in the air. But they are condemned now because they are neither fast enough nor keen enough for the times. Thought has sharpened up mechanics to keep pace with her own work. The old Semaphore could neither report with the speed of light nor work in the dark.

AMONG the many agents, resulting from the scientific triumphs of the time, which are helping to re-mould the social materials around us, we can neither overlook nor undervalue the Cheap Excursion system. We have before remarked on the limited horizon which the fathers of the present generation enjoyed. Little more than half a century ago there was hardly any perceptible movement of the population. The country gentleman who had passed a fortnight of his life in London, the artisan and the farmer who were acquainted with the adjacent districts, and had perhaps witnessed the splendors of a county town, were regarded with envy or admiration as men who had seen the world. The clown lived and died on the spot where he was born—was morally the serf of the particular soil. Each hamlet was its own world. The swell and surge of life in towns a score or two of miles away carried faint and indistinct echoes to the general ear—and local idioms and dialects stood like barriers between the men born in one county and those born in the next. The Yorkshire shepherd whom accident carried to the western slopes of Blackstone Edge, or the Gloucester peasant who found himself on the Somersetshire side of the Cotswold Hills, could barely make himself understood or procure the assistance that he might need as a stranger. Like a country broken into minute subdivision by hedges that at once separate and occupy the ground where

better things should grow—abstracting from the general nourishment for its own unwholesome vegetation—the social surface was physically partitioned by accidents that grew a plentiful crop of prejudices and ignorances, vicious in themselves, and diverting the moral sap that should have helped to beautify the land. The masses of the people were separated from each other as by seas and alps:—the great majority passed out of existence almost strangers to their countrymen and to the fair face of their native island. All this has been gradually changed by every step that science has taken in advance. The migrations caused by the rise of the cotton manufacture did much to break down the old barriers:—railways and monster trains have done, or are doing, the rest. The morally poetic is displacing the picturesque—the spiritual beauty replacing the material. If the fairies have fled before the steam whistle from many a sylvan scene—so have the old local tyrannies that made men moral slaves. Provincialism of speech and of thought are fast disappearing. Every man now travels more or less; each has made some acquaintance with the aspects of nature—understood and enjoyed some part of that heritage of beauty and those conquests of mind which make our wealth as a nation—seen something of men who live under social and material conditions different from his own. The agencies by which this education has been given on so grand a scale are amongst the most valuable fruits of modern civilization. Men gather both health and strength, and wisdom and goodness by extending their horizons. How remarkable is the rapidity with which the desire to move about has grown—proving the desire a natural one, and the stifling of it a privation. Little more than half a score of years since, the first excursion trains were timidly tried as an experiment:—they are now organized throughout the length and breadth of the country. The statistics of excursions would be interesting in more than one point of view. From the metropolis alone it is stated that a million and a half of persons have availed themselves of cheap trains during the present summer, to see with their own eyes what, like all else, under the old conditions they could only have heard of—and that only as the narrator chose to present it. Every morning hundreds and thousands are whirled out of the smoke of London into the fresh air of heaven. One day last week no less than ten huge excursion trains left by the several lines of railway. Some of the pleasure seekers went to enjoy a day among the hop-gardens of Kent—some sought the open downs of Epsom—not a few explored the regal glories of old Windsor. The sylvan beauties of the Isle of Wight attracted many—a party visited the wonders of Stonehenge—another made the old exclusive colleges and cloisters of Oxford start at this irruption of the people—and hundreds drank the sea breezes from cliff or pier at Brighton, Dover, Folkestone, Ramsgate, and Southampton. The military works at Gosport came in for civic criticisms—and the once fashionable promenades of Bath received a host of visitors with no fear of Beau Nash in their hearts. One train went down to Cambridge—and the afternoon landed the last party at the hotels of the Rue Richelieu in Paris!—Nevertheless, the excursion system is only in its infancy.

THE French are now as eager after improvements in the Photographic processes on paper as they have hitherto been for developing more per-

fecly the image on the Daguerreotype silver plates. The inequalities of paper have ever been felt as a great objection to its use. M. Blanquart Evrard informs us that by washing paper with a mixture of the serum of milk and a small quantity of albumen—about three-quarters of a pint of whey and the white of one egg—it is rendered free from all that has hitherto been deemed objectionable. Papers thus treated may be kept ready for use, since it has been found that after six months they are as good as when just prepared. M. Niepce de Saint-Victor states that by mixing a small quantity of Narbonne honey with albumen the sensibility of the photographic glass plates or papers is increased in a surprising manner.

M. BOUTIGNY has devised an exceedingly simple method for showing his interesting experiments on the spheroidal state of fluids. He takes a platinum wire and rolls it into a spiral like the spring of a watch, taking care to depress the central portion. He forms thus a sort of capsule, or circular and concave gridiron, in which the water is contained when the wire has been previously made red hot. By the repulsion of caloric the water is retained, and, forming itself into a spheroid, rolls about without flowing through. Alcohol or ether may be substituted for water; when the vapors escaping take fire above and below the wire—but the spheroidal drop moves rapidly about within the flames without undergoing combustion.

THE American Association for the Advancement of Science has been holding its third annual meeting at New Haven—under the presidency of Professor A. D. Bache. As far as we have received information of the proceedings of this association, the communications appear to have been principally connected with the physical sciences. Professors Olmsted, Loomis, and Silliman, and Mr. Gould read interesting papers on electricity;—that by Mr. Gould being an account of a very extensive series of experiments made by the United States Survey on some 1,500 miles of electrical telegraph to determine the velocity of the disturbance passing along the signal wires. Professor Wheatstone had determined the velocity of current electricity as not less than 288,000 miles in a second. Fizeau has more recently inferred from his experiments that the electricity passed through iron wire at the rate of 63,200 miles per second, and through copper wire with a velocity equal to 110,000 miles in the same time. Mr. Gould thinks these values far too high; and he gives as the results of his observations, which appear to have been made with much care, a velocity for the current electricity of not less than 12,000 nor more than 20,000 miles per second as it traverses the telegraphic wire and the earth in completing the circuit connection. A communication was made by Professor Loomis of novel, and to us curious, phenomena of electrical houses. His statement was as follows:—“ Within a few years past, several houses in the city of New York have exhibited electrical phenomena in a very remarkable degree. For months in succession they have emitted sparks of considerable intensity, accompanied by a loud snap. A stranger, on entering one of these electrical houses, in attempting to shake hands with the inmates, receives a shock, which is quite noticeable, and somewhat unpleasant. Ladies, in attempting to kiss each other, are saluted by a spark. A spark is perceived whenever the hand is brought near to the knob of a door, the gilded frame of a mirror, the gas pipes, or any

metallic body, especially when this body communicates freely with the earth. In one house which I have had the opportunity to examine, a child in taking hold of the knob of a door received so severe a shock that it ran off in great fright. The lady of the house, in approaching the speaking tube to give orders to the servants, received a very unpleasant shock in the mouth, and was much annoyed by the electricity, until she learned first to touch the tube with her finger. In passing from one parlor to the other, if she chanced to step upon the brass plate which serves as a slide for the folding-doors, she received an unpleasant shock in the foot. When she touched her finger to the chandelier (the room was lighted with gas by a chandelier suspended from the ceiling) there appeared a brilliant spark and a snap. In many houses the phenomena have been so remarkable as to occasion general surprise, and almost alarm. After a careful examination of several cases of this kind, I have come to the conclusion, that the electricity is created by the friction of the shoes of the inmates on the carpets of the house. In order to produce this effect, there must be a combination of several favorable circumstances. The carpet, or at least its upper surface, must be entirely of wool, and of a close texture, in order to furnish an abundance of electricity. So far as I have had an opportunity to judge, I infer that heavy velvet carpets answer this purpose best. Two thicknesses of in-grain carpeting answer very well. The effect of the increased thickness is obviously to improve the insulation of the carpet. The carpet must be quite dry, and also the floor of the room, so that the fluid may not be conveyed away as soon as it is excited. This will not generally be the case except in winter, and in rooms which are habitually kept quite warm. The most remarkable cases which I have heard of in New York have been of close, well built houses, kept very warm by furnaces; and the electricity was most abundant in very cold weather. In warm weather only feeble signs of electricity are obtained. The rubber on the shoe must also be dry, like the carpet, and it must be rubbed upon the carpet somewhat vigorously.”—The papers have been tolerably numerous; and those by Professors Agassiz, Silliman, W. R. Johnson, and W. B. Rogers were of much interest in their respective departments. The following statement, made by Professors Rogers and Johnson, has its value from its practical importance. They took occasion to call attention to the fact that the anticipations excited by the discovery of gold on the surface are seldom fully realized. At the surface, meteoric influences have in most cases been at work, and have effected such a decomposition and segregation that there the gold is easily obtained; but as we proceed lower down, beyond the influence of the air, we find the gold so closely connected with other minerals that its separation is a very difficult process, only effected after much expense and labor. In explanation of these views, it was stated, that at Gold Hill the toll at the mill for grinding is, for surface ore, 20 cents—for that obtained lower down, 30 cents the bushel. It is found, however, that if, after the ore has once been operated on and all the gold possible extracted, it is exposed for a few months to atmospheric influences, you can then obtain as much gold from a bushel of ore as at first.—*Athenaeum.*

THE REMAINS OF JAMES THE SECOND.—The following curious account, says a writer in the *Notes and Queries*, was given to me by Mr. Fitz-Simons, an Irish gentleman, upwards of eighty

years of age, with whom I became acquainted when resident with my family at Toulouse, in September, 1840; he having resided in that city for many years as a teacher of the French and English languages, and had attended the late Sir William Follett in the former capacity there in 1817. He said:—“I was a prisoner in Paris, in the Convent of the English Benedictines, in the Rue St. Jacques, during part of the Revolution. In the year 1793 or 1794 the body of King James II. of England was in one of the chapels there—where it had been deposited some time, under the expectation that it would one day be sent to England for interment in Westminster Abbey. It had never been buried. The body was in a wooden coffin, enclosed in a leaden one, and that again enclosed in a second wooden one, covered with black velvet. While I was a prisoner, the sans-culottes broke open the coffins to get at the lead to cast into bullets. The body lay exposed nearly a whole day. It was swaddled like a mummy, bound tight with garters. The sans-culottes took out the body, which had been embalmed. There was a strong smell of vinegar and camphor. The corpse was beautiful and perfect; the hands and nails were very fine. I moved and bent every finger. I never saw so fine a set of teeth in my life. A young lady, a fellow-prisoner, wished much to have a tooth; I tried to get one out for her, but could not, they were so firmly fixed. The feet also were very beautiful. The face and cheeks were just as if he were alive. I rolled his eyes; the eyeballs were perfectly firm under my finger. The French and English prisoners gave money to the sans-culottes for showing the body. They said he was a good sans-culotte, and that they were going to put him into a hole in the public churchyard like other sans-culottes; and he was carried away—but where the body was thrown I never heard. King George IV. tried all in his power to get tidings of the body, but could not. Around the chapel were several wax moulds of the face hung up, made probably at the time of the king's death, and the corpse was very like them. The body had been originally kept at the palace of St. Germain, whence it was brought to the Convent of the Benedictines. Mr. Porter, the prior, was a prisoner at the time in his own convent.”

MADAME SAINT AUBIN, at one time a very celebrated singer of the Opéra Comique, died a few days ago, at the advanced age of eighty-seven. She was performing during the worst period of the first revolution, and was in communication with Marat, Robespierre, and Collot d'Herbois. She exerted her influence with these men to save victims from the scaffold, although there was a certain risk in so doing; and during all her life was remarkable for charity and kindness. She left the stage at the age of forty-two. The Empress Josephine appointed her one of her readers.

OUR UNION.

BY J. E. CARNES, OF THE VICKSBURG WHIG.

THE blood that flowed at Lexington, and crimsoned bright Champlain,
Streams still along the Southern Gulf and by the lakes of Maine;
It flows in veins that swell above Pacific's golden sand,
And throbs in hearts that love and grieve by dark Atlantic's strand.

It binds in one vast brotherhood the trapper of the west,
With men whose cities glass themselves in Erie's classic breast;
And those to whom September brings the fireside's social hours,
With those who see December's brow enwreathed with gorgeous flowers!
From where Columbia laughs to greet the smiling western wave,
To where Potomac sighs beside the patriot hero's grave;
And from the steaming everglades to Huron's lordly flood,
The glory of the nation's past thrills through a kindred blood!
Whenever Arnold's tale is told it dyes the cheek with shame,
And glows with pride o'er Bunker Hill or Moultrie's wilder fame;
And wheresoe'er above the fray the stars of empire gleam,
Upon the deck or o'er the dust it pours a common stream!
It is a sacred legacy ye never can divide,
Nor take from village urchin, nor the son of city pride;
Nor the hunter's white-haired children who find a fruitful home
Where nameless lakes are sparkling, and where lonely rivers roam!
Greene drew his sword at Eutaw; and bleeding southern feet
Trod the march across the Delaware amid the snow and sleet;
And, lo! upon the parchment where the natal record shines,
The burning page of Jefferson bears Franklin's calmer lines!
Could ye divide that record bright, and tear the names apart
That erst were written boldly there with plight of hand and heart?
Could ye erase a Hancock's name, e'en with the sabre's edge,
Or wash out with fraternal blood a Carroll's double pledge?
Say, can the South sell out her share in Bunker's hoary height?
Or can the North give up her boast in Yorktown's closing fight?
Can ye divide with equal hand a heritage of graves,
Or rend in twain the starry flag that o'er them proudly waves?
Can ye cast lots for Vernon's soil, or chaffer 'mid the gloom
That hangs its solemn folds about your common Father's tomb?
Or could ye meet around his grave as fratricidal foes,
And wake your burning curses o'er his pure and calm repose?
Ye dare not! is the Alleghanian thunder-toned decree;
'T is echoed where Nevada guards the blue and tranquil sea;
Where tropic waves delighted clasp our flowery southern shore,
And where through frowning mountain gates Nebraska's waters roar!

CONTENTS OF NO. 340.

1. The United States, - - - - -	Edinburgh Review, - - - - -	337
2. My Novel; Chap. 10—13, - - - - -	Blackwood's Magazine, - - - - -	353
3. Grisly Bears in California, - - - - -	Transcript, - - - - -	368
4. Jenny Lind, - - - - -	Hans Christian Andersen, - - - - -	369
5. The Two Extremes, - - - - -	Examiner, - - - - -	372
6. Constitutional Germany, - - - - -	Do. - - - - -	373
7. Hesse Cassel, - - - - -	Spectator, - - - - -	374
8. Arctic Regions; Peace Association; The Pope; France; Discovery Ships; Peace Makers; Louis Napoleon, - - - - -	Spectator, - - - - -	375
9. Foreign Miscellany, - - - - -	Newspapers, - - - - -	379

SHORT ARTICLES: Royal Encroachments, 351.—Making Bread by Steam; Hats; A Negro Woman without Ears; Layard's latest Discoveries; Use of Coffins, 353.—"Bury me in the Garden," 367.—Chase of a Fawn, 369.—The Old World and the New, 370.—Wild Sports in Africa; The Captain's Story, 371.—Madam Saint Aubin, 383.

POETRY: A Home Scene, 367.—Our Union, 383.

TERMS.—The *Living Age* is published every Saturday, by E. LITTELL & CO., corner of Tremont and Bromfield sts., Boston; Price 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. To insure regularity in mailing the work, orders should be addressed to the office of publication, as above.

Clubs, paying a year in advance, will be supplied as follows.—

Four copies for	\$20 00.
Nine " "	\$40 00.
Twelve " "	\$50 00.

Complete sets, in twenty-four volumes, to the end of March, 1850, handsomely bound, packed in neat boxes, and delivered in all the principal cities, free of expense of freight, are for sale at forty-eight dollars.

Any volume may be had separately at two dollars, bound, or a dollar and a half in numbers.

Any number may be had for 12½ cents; and it may be worth while for subscribers or purchasers to complete any broken volumes they may have, and thus greatly enhance their value.

BINDING.—We bind the work in a uniform, strong, and good style; and where customers bring their numbers in good order, can generally give them bound volumes in exchange without any delay. The price of the binding is 50 cents a volume. As they are always bound to one pattern, there will be no difficulty in matching the future volumes.

AGENCIES.—We are desirous of making arrangements in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work—and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. And we will gladly correspond on this subject with any agent who will send us undoubted references.

POSTAGE.—When sent with the cover on, the *Living Age* consists of three sheets, and is rated as a pamphlet, at 4½ cents. But when sent without the cover, it comes within the definition of a newspaper given in the law, and cannot legally be charged with more than newspaper postage, (14 cts.) We add the definition alluded to:—

A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

MONTHLY PARTS.—For such as prefer it in that form, the *Living Age* is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing in each part double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The volumes are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

E. LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this, by its unsurpassed extent and comprehension, includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

WASHINGTON, 27 Dec. 1845.

J. Q. ADAMS